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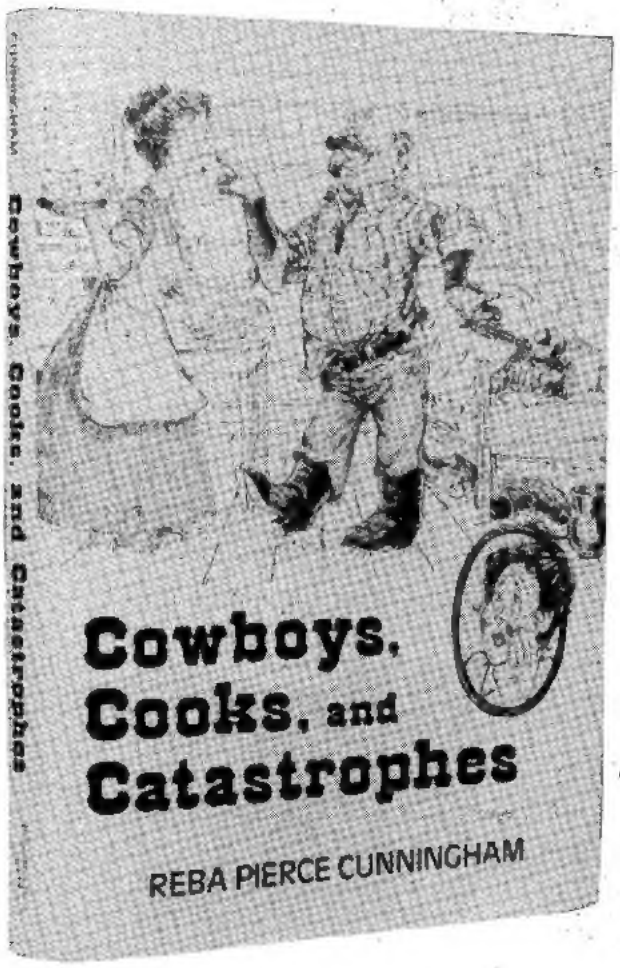

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TRUE WEST

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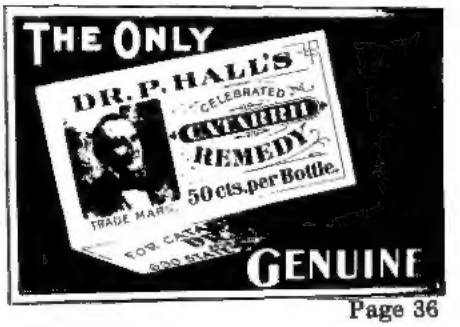

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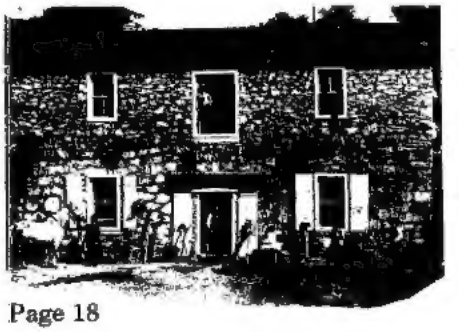

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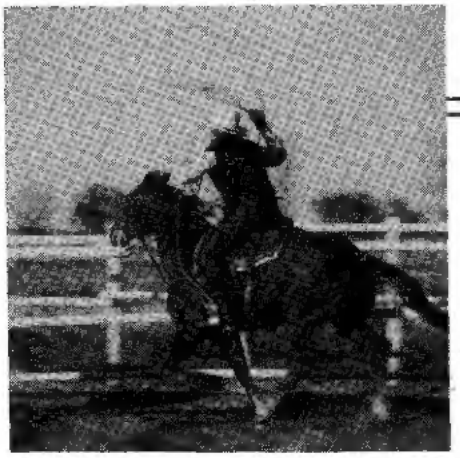
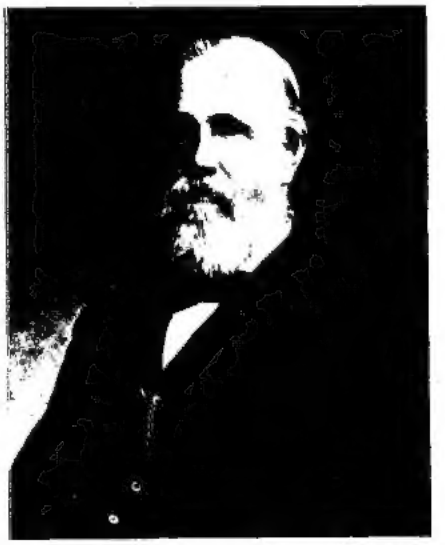


OUR COVER

This working steer roper was photographed by Bob Firth, a freelance stock and assignment photographer from Excelsior, Minnesota. Firth specializes in medium and large format scenic, nature, agricultural, and people-oriented photographs.



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From the Editor

1986.

Nineteen Eighty-six! No matter how I write it, it's hard to believe the New Year is already here. This is a time for celebration, a time for hope, and a time for resolutions. But, especially to those of us with an interest in history, the New Year means more than the promise of a future and a second chance. It means, too, that the past has already slipped that much farther away.

It has been 183 years since the Louisiana Purchase opened the West to settlers from the still young United States. In March it will be 150 years already since the Republic of Texas declared and won its independence from Mexico. On January 29, Kansas will celebrate its 125th anniversary as the thirty-fourth state in the Union. June will mark the 110th anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn; Wild Bill Hickok will have been dead as many years in August. Before 1986 is out, Billy the Kid will have fired his last shot and the dust will have settled on the O.K. Corral 105 years ago. Even Tom Horn, whose life was spoken of in my Wyoming boyhood as though it happened only yesterday, will have come to the end of his rope 83 years past.

I'm not the nostalgic sort. I'm just as happy to be alive in the twentieth century with its medical advances, modern conveniences, electric typewriters, and computer typesetting. But with each passing year, all those events that have shaped and continue to shape the western character become that much more difficult to "git aholt on." Another brick of the Alamo will turn to dust. Another artifact will disappear in the bowels of more than one museum. Another newspaper will be eaten by worms. Another court record will be stolen by some thoughtless "historian." And you can bet that at least one serious historian will come up with proof that a story most other western history buffs have for years accepted as gospel is really a lot of recycled hay. What it all boils down to is that the truth is always slippery, and the farther away it goes in time, the more elusive it becomes.

The worst result of all that is that when we know less and less about the folks who lived and breathed in the past, it gets easier and easier to judge them. Looking back at people who went without indoor toilets, hot and cold running water, electric lights, automobiles, and solar energy, it's tempting to scoff at them. Those inventions and their usefulness are all so obvious to us that it sometimes seems those "old fools" in the nineteenth century must have just sat down and intentionally agreed among themselves to be primitive. Of course, they didn't. Right or wrong, westering Americans of the nineteenth century saw themselves taking part in the grand enterprise of Manifest Destiny. Certainly they were as aware of themselves and their world as we are of ours, and, looking for a better future, they must have had an acute sense of living in the vanguard of history.

We're too easily tempted, too, to make moral judgements on a past that we can never fully understand. Custer is the most obvious example. You either love him or you hate him. The dispute has even added two new words to the English language: *Custerphiles* are those who love him; *Custerphobes*, those who hate him. Apparently there is no one in between, for we haven't invented a word for them. Seen in that light, figures of the past all too readily become ignorant little stick figures either to be idolized or reviled.

One of the most difficult lessons to be learned in studying history is that our predecessors on this world were our equals, that they felt life as intensely as we do, and that they had the same strengths and weaknesses. As they disappear farther and farther into the past, my New Year's resolution is always to look kindly on them in the hope that they might offer some small insight into the confusion of the present.

John Joerschke

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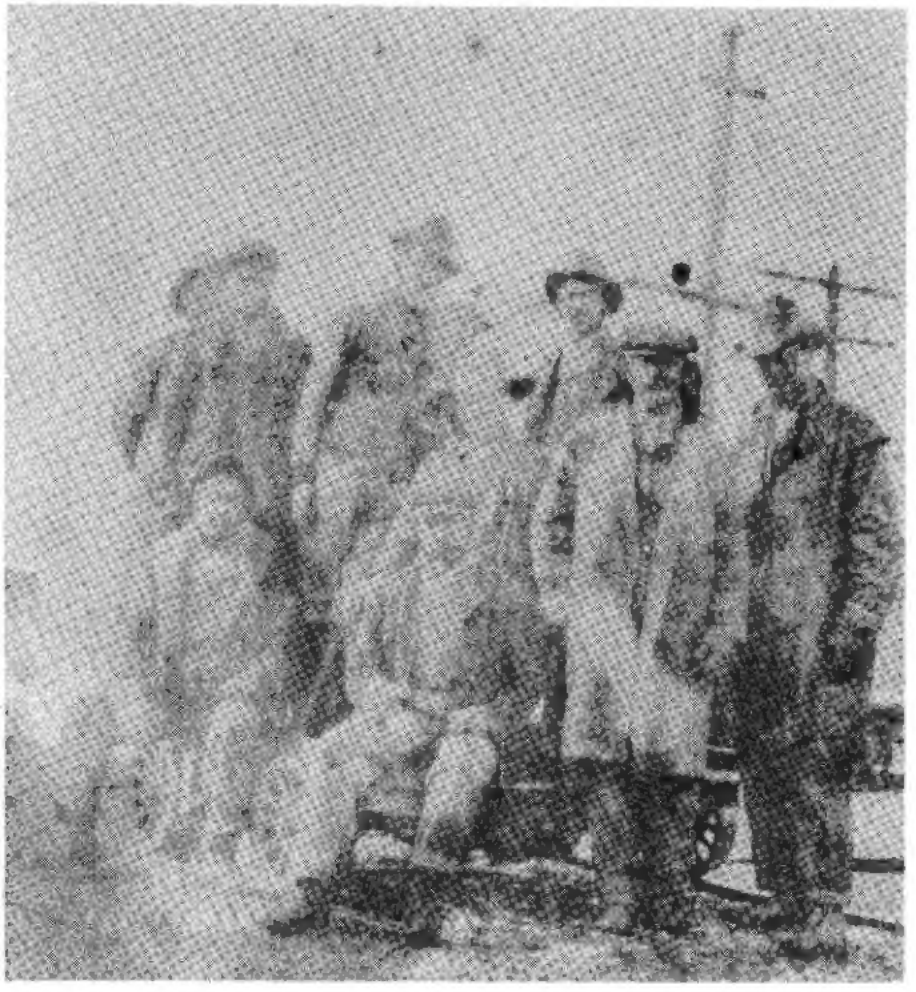
Truly Western

Letters from our readers



Eusebio Salsido Apodaca (far right) stands with fellow railroad workers on a winter day in the 1920s. Railroad yards were a melting pot of nationalities during depression years.

Life in a Box Car

My life began in El Paso, Texas, in 1917. I lived in box cars in Kansas in the 1920s. My father was a railroad section foreman for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. There were all nationalities of workers as can be seen in this photo. It was taken by a railroad worker in winter snow. My father is the last man to the right. His name was Eusebio Salsido Apodaca. Perhaps someone may recognize the other men in the photo. Maybe some day a western writer will tell the story of the box car workers and their families.—**Lucille Martin, Fresno, CA.**

Old-timers Remember Silver Heels

I was fascinated by the article "Silver Heels," by MaryJoy Martin, in the January '85 issue of TRUE WEST.

While visiting Fairplay, Colorado, in the 1950s, I sought out a Colonel Meyer (I have forgotten his first name), an elderly pioneer from that beautiful mountain country, to find out if he had ever seen Silver Heels. His reply was, yes, he had seen her dancing several times, and she always wore a mask. That was something I had never heard before.

I also talked with a pioneer lady from Fairplay about Silver Heels, and her opinion was that this legendary person had jumped into one of the old mining shafts around Fairplay and committed suicide over her lover.

Colonel Meyer's life would certainly be of interest to TRUE WEST readers. When he was a youth, he traveled to the Far East. A fortune teller told him, "Ten black camels will pass your door." Each camel meant ten years of life.

How true that prediction was, for several years after I talked with him, the Colonel passed away at the ripe old age of 105 years.—**Leon Ellsworth, Denver, CO.**

Tribute to an Old Friend

Milt Hinkle would have been 104 years old October 15, 1985. The other day I was browsing through my scrapbook, and there between the pages were most of the letters and memorabilia he sent me over the years of our friendship. As I read his rough hand writing, tears came to my eyes, as I once again stood before the "Chief of Cowboys" at the 101 Wild West Show in Livingston, Montana.

"What can you do kid? Where ya from?"

Not even dry behind the ears yet, I said, "I can ride—trick ride. I just came from Cody."

"Well, Cody, let's see what you can do."

My heart was thumping like crazy as I swung up on a black and white pinto and started to circle the arena. I grabbed the hand swivel and made what I thought was an excellent swing over the pony to the other side and back again. I made two rounds, and then he called, "That's enough, Cody. Ya got the makins and in another year you'll be ready. But, I got a job for ya. Mexican Joe needs another rider to make his quota for his big loop; ya want to try it?"

Try it? Man, I'd have kissed his boots had he asked. "Yes, that will be fine. Maybe I can practice between shows once in a while."

"Why not, Cody, the ponies need the excercise."

I thought I could ride, but Milt took

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time to show me many things about body balance.

I was with the show three years, and was sorry when it went broke back east.

Milt must have been at least forty-five when I met him, but he kept on until all his broken bones made him quit. When he retired to Florida, he wanted me to come help him write and promote rodeos, but I had settled on a ranch in Nevada.

I called him my "Cowboy Dad." May he rest in peace, and the broncs be light buckers.—**Bill Harting, Bend, OR.**

Pleasant Excursion

I just received my November '85 issue of TRUE WEST and was surprised to see an item in Chuck Parson's *Answer Man* column about Dog Canyon.

Dog Canyon is about fifteen miles south of Alamagordo, New Mexico, on U.S. Highway 54. At the forefront of the canyon are homes, with Oliver Lee State Park (named for an early day rancher) on the east side. There are facilities for overnight camping, a nice museum, and a walkway up the canyon which runs past an abundance of wild flowers and an ever-flowing spring. All in all it is a veritable oasis. I would like to know why it is named Dog Canyon.—**Howard Blackburn, Alamagordo, NM.**

Could it be Aunt Emma?

I am writing relative to the inquiry of Joseph Roacher, of Durango, Colorado, in the November '85 issue of TRUE WEST, about a coin locket with a picture of a lady in it.

This locket was first mentioned and the picture first shown in the October '61 issue of TRUE WEST.

I have saved this magazine issue because the picture is a perfect likeness of a great aunt of mine, whose picture I have in a group photo taken in 1893.

This picture was a Nelson family reunion picture, taken when "Indian" John Nelson, famous frontiersman, came to visit his brothers in the fall of 1893. My mother and many other relatives are in the picture.

I had the picture enlarged and gave a copy to the local history museum in Eureka, Kansas.

My aunt's name was Emma Haskins. She was married to Oliver Haskins, a Greenwood County, Kansas, farmer who annually shipped cattle to Kansas City, Missouri.

As a child in the early years of this century, I remember Haskins bringing back souvenirs from his trips to the big city. My theory is, he may have had the locket made and later lost it in some manner.

At this date, we can only theorize, but I feel sure the young woman in the picture is my Great Aunt Emma Haskins.—**Charles M. Hallett, Jerome, MO.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Readers of TRUE WEST should recognize the names H. Franklin Greene and Precision Screw Machine Company. For some time, Frank Greene has run two series of advertisements for his Chicago-based company, "Gentlemen and Scoundrels of Yesteryear" and "The Wild Side of Life in the Old West."

Greene's stories have generated considerable controversy. The following are excerpts from letters challenging some of his more controversial statements and from his replies. We publish them in the interest of historical debate.

Reader: Your advertisement on Butch Cassidy is a complete fabrication. Pinkerton's records show Butch and Sundance were killed in 1909 by Bolivian Cavalry in San Vicentes on the Grande River near LaPaz, Bolivia.

Greene: The Pinkertons have no records on the deaths of Butch Cassidy and Sundance. There has never been a town, hamlet, or village named San Vicentes in Bolivia. The Grande River is 400 miles from LaPaz, Bolivia. Bolivia never had a cavalry... Robert Leroy Parker, also known as Butch Cassidy, died on the west coast of the U.S.A. in 1937.

Reader: In your advertisement, "What Happened to Ben Sippy," you claim that the Earps and Holliday shot each other. It was a windy day and clear; the OK Corral Shoot Out did not produce any smoke so the Earps had a clear view to shoot the outlaws. You are in error. Where did you get your information?

Greene: Wyatt Earp's papers on the OK Corral Shoot Out, October 26, 1881, edited by Glenn Boyer, page 236:

> "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! Smoke that glides like a wisp; smoke that oozed; smoke that rose and fell. The vacant lot was full. It rolled out over the walks, it swirled in Eddie's about shouting, firing men; it flowed above Freemont Street like a tide and banked against the walls. It engulfed the fighters one by one, and then the world outside was cut off; a curtain of mercy against the tragedy behind its walls."

Reader: In your advertisement on John Ringo, you claim he was the fastest gunfighter of them all. There is no record of this. In fact, Wyatt Earp beat him over the head with his pistol and chased him out of town.

Greene: Many authors share your view that Ringo was not the greatest gunfighter. All, however, agree no one ever hit him over the head or challenged him to a fight. A great fighter has no scars... Ringo's reputation in Texas was all the proof he needed to scare the stumblebums and ambushers from attempting to fight him. He was a great fighter; he had no bullet scars.

Reader: During and after the Tombstone trouble times, fearless Wyatt Earp and his brothers were law-abiding citizens. At no time did Wyatt Earp disobey the law or refuse to fight the outlaw clans. There are no records that say otherwise. The so-called Sheriff Behan was a fake officer and coward.

Greene: Arizona's Governor John C. Freemont appointed John H. Behan sheriff of Cochise County. The Earps and Holliday refused to obey Sheriff Behan's command not to shoot the cowboys at the O.K. Corral. They refused to accept the duly appointed sheriff's command only when they had the advantage. When Johnny Ringo challenged the Earps and Holliday to a fight, they knew that they would lose so they hid behind the law and safety. The Earps and Holliday later fled Arizona on murder charges and became fugitives, swindlers, and conmen...

The Earps and Holliday proved beyond any reasonable doubt they were murdering conmen by their actions. After fleeing Arizona's law-abiding citizens and law officials, they continued to swindle and kill in other states. Holliday was tried in Colorado for shooting a bartender named Bill Allen over $5.00...

The Earps were cut of the same whole shoddy cloth, especially Wyatt—after fleeing Arizona to Colorado to escape trial for murder... [Later,] Wyatt, always needing money but refusing to work, had to devise ways to exist and began to boast of his days on the frontier. In 1896 he sold two articles to the San Francisco *Examiner* which were obviously written by a romantic rewrite man. One was on the killing of Bud Philpot; the other was on the O.K. Corral fight. In each, Earp was the only hero; all were half truths and lies. Thus began the Earp-manufactured legend...

It is interesting, however, how Americans love the scoundrels of yesteryear, as well as the more modern ones of today... The best attended movies and most profitable ones are about those murdering psychos.

Yet, Sheriff John Behan is denounced as a traitor and crooked law officer by most—if not all—living room quarterbacks of Old West history only because of Hollywood and TV movies. The real John Behan, after serving as the real sheriff of Cochise County's Tombstone, later served as the superintendant of the Yuma Territorial Prison, fought heroically for his country in the Spanish-American War, served the U.S. government as a secret agent in the China Boxer Rebellion, and returned to his home as an honorable citizen of Tombstone.

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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

Texas Sesquicentennial

The Texas Sesquicentennial Celebration kicks off the year with a cornucopia of projects and events, including:

The McFarlane House in Richmond, which has been restored as a visitors center, features a museum area, meeting rooms, and an audio-visual room.

The Sesquicentennial Promenadors, Tomball's newly-organized square dance club will provide exhibition square dancing for Tomball's Sesquicentennial events.

The Milano *Gazette*, out of print for forty years, has been revived by the Milano Sesquicentennial committee in a special publication, *The Spirit of Tomorrow—The History of Milano Through the Eyes of the Gazette*. The book is a collection of reproduced pages from the *Gazette*.

Southwest Airlines is sponsoring a historic exhibit, "Reach for the Sky—Aviation in Texas," on display through June, 1986, at the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio. The exhibit will feature artifacts tracing Texas aviation from its beginnings through the space age.

School-age children taking part in the Texas Sesquicentennial Wagon Train will be students in a special Wagon Train School, which will allow them to continue their education throughout the wagon train's six-month tour. The school will be coordinated by Cooke County Junior College in Gainesville and the Texas Wagon Train Association. Wagon trains are scheduled to roll out of Sulphur Springs on January 2, and will make a 2,600-mile trip around the state, adding color to the Sesquicentennial celebrations of nearly 100 Texas communities.

The inaugural Texas Games will be hosted by the city of San Antonio, July 25–27, and August 1–3, and will become a yearly event. The Games will consist of adult baseball, youth and adult boxing, youth and adult golf, men's fast-pitch and men's and women's slow-pitch softball, youth swimming, youth and adult tennis, youth and adult track and field, and a 10,000-meter run for all ages. A number of non-competition "demonstration" events such as polo and soccer will also be featured.

Eighty-six members of the Scottish Division of the Royal Army of England will join thousands of Texans at the Alamo on March 6, to pay a Sesquicentennial-anniversary tribute to the heroes who died there in 1836. The Alamo ceremony will be the highlight of a two-week visit to Texas in which the soldiers will recognize and honor the Scots, who helped Texas win its independence. The pipers will arrive in Austin on February 28, and participate in a number of special events in the Austin area including Austin's Texas Independence Day Parade on March 2. Between March 2 and the March 6 festivities in San Antonio, they will be available to towns in the Austin-San Antonio area to enhance other Sesquicentennial celebrations.

Kansas' 125th Anniversary

January 29, 1986, Kansans begin their 125th Anniversary celebration with a birthday party at the State Capitol. During the year, the Kansas Commission for the 125th will cosponsor seven official 125th Anniversary Regional Events: Wichita River Festival, Good Ol' Days at Fort Scott, Smoky Hill River Festival at Salina, Festival of Nations at Kansas City, Independence Days at Lawrence, and the Dane G. Hansen Museum Arts and Crafts Fair at Logan.

"'There's No Place Like Home': Symbols and Images of Kansas" will be on display in the Kansas Museum of History, Topeka, Kansas, through February 2. During January, two special programs will be presented in connection with the exhibit as part of the 125th anniversary of statehood celebration. On January 11, a panel of noted scholars and specialists from around the state will discuss the creation and perpetuation of images and examine some specific state images.

On January 18, Fred Krebs, from Johnson County Community College, will play William Allen White; Karen Ray, from Emporia State University, will play Carry Nation; and Loren Pennington, from Emporia State University, will provide introductions and commentary in the role of Alf Landon.

For more information on these and other local festivals, fairs, and educational and historical events coordinated around the 125th anniversary theme, contact the Kansas Commission for the 125th, Second Floor, Kansas State Capitol, Topeka, Kansas 66623, (913)296-4001.

Fort Davis National Historic Site

Fort Davis National Historic Site at Fort Davis, Texas, was established in 1961. Plans were made to restore and refurnish a number of buildings to their Indian Wars period appearance. In 1983, the Friends of Fort Davis National Historic Site, Inc. was organized by concerned residents of Fort Davis to raise funds for the barracks restoration project. Because of the generosity of various groups and individuals, the barracks was restored during the winter of 1984–85. Remaining to be completed is the refurnishing of the barracks to

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reflect its appearance in 1884 when it was home to troop "H" of the Tenth U.S. Cavalry. When completed, the barracks restoration project will be a fitting memorial to the Buffalo Soldiers who served on the southwestern frontier and who made Fort Davis their home for almost twenty years.

The Friends of Fort Davis National Historic Site is a non-profit corporation existing to support activities approved by the National Park Service at Fort Davis National Historic Site for which congressionally appropriated funds are not available. The organization provides money for such activities as historical preservation and restoration, educational and cultural programs, and research and planning. In supporting such projects, the Friends hope to foster an awareness of the role Fort Davis played in the history of the American West and of its continued significance in our national heritage.

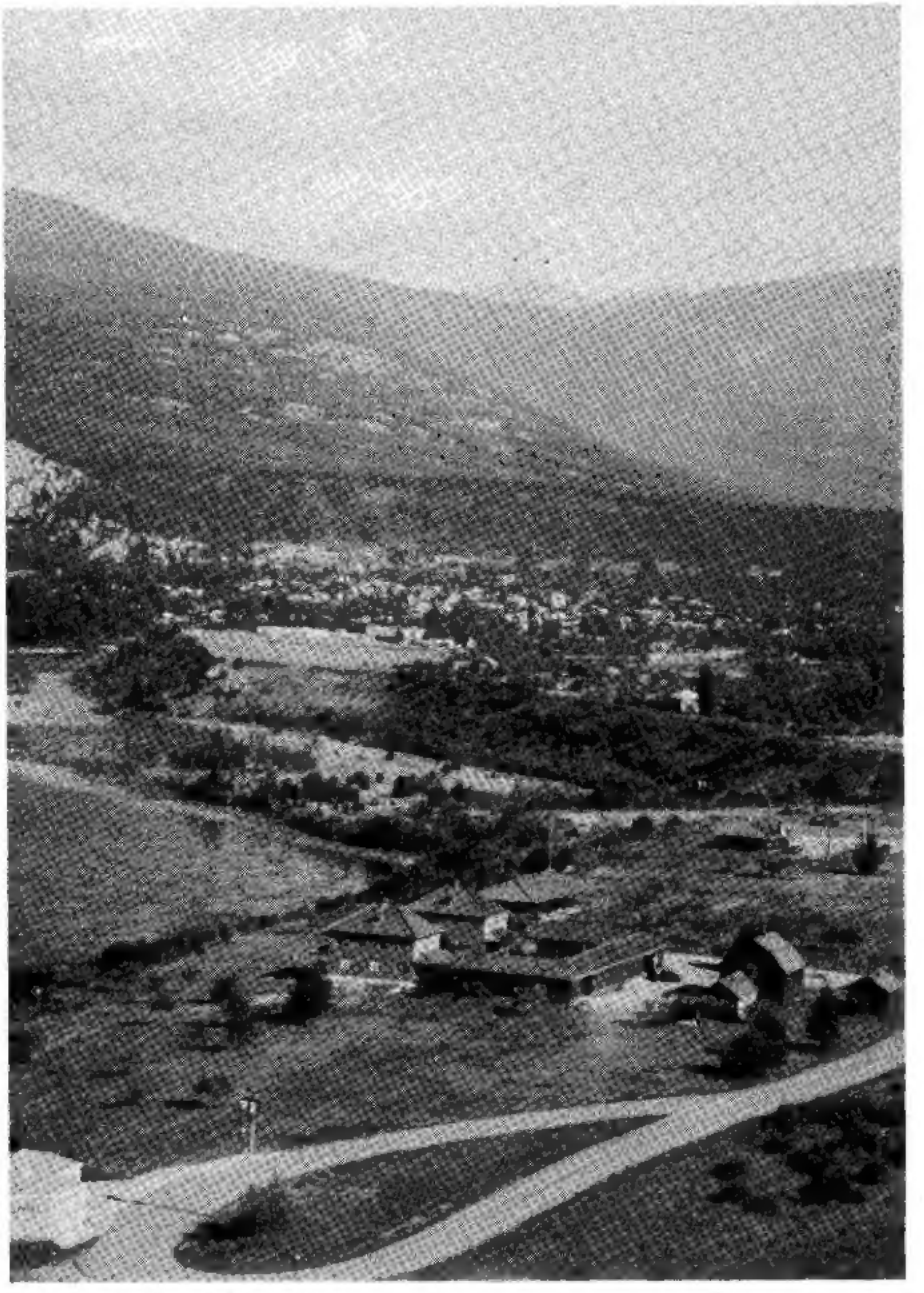
To apply for membership write to Friends of Fort Davis National Historic Site, P.O. Box 1023, Fort Davis, TX 79734.

Zane Grey's West Society

The Zane Grey's West Society is now having an open season to enroll new members. Anyone having an interest in the Old West and promoting interest in Zane Grey and his writings, is eligible to become a member. Members receive the Society's magazine four times yearly, a bi-monthly newsletter, and an invitation to attend the yearly convention. This year the convention, in conjunction with the annual book auction, will be held in Flagstaff, Arizona.

For further information write: Zane Grey's West Society, Don Warren, Sec.-Treas., P.O. Box 203, Sullivan, IL 61951.

Doukhobor Historic Village



The Doukhobor Historic Village is nestled in the beautiful mountains of British Columbia, at the confluence of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers. Visitors can experience life as a Russian immigrant and sample traditional Doukhobor vegetarian meals of *borscht, pryahi, vareniki, golooptsi,* and *nalesniki.*

Visitors to the Doukhobor Historic Village in Castlegar, British Columbia, will experience the lifestyle of a Russian immigrant group, through an authentic replica of a communal village, just as it existed in Canada's early western frontier.

You will learn of the intense hardships, inventions, and accomplishments as you stroll through time accompanied by a guide and interpreter who will explain their religion, art, crafts, and customs.

Features include a bread oven, blacksmith shop, woodfired bath house, handmade tools, fabrics, and clothing. Audio-visual presentations are given with each visit.

The Doukhobors, a pacifist group of Russian immigrants, settled first in Saskatchewan in 1899. But, after conflict arose over the terms of the Homestead Act, many moved to British Columbia around 1908.

The National Exhibition Centre of West Kootenay, adjacent to the village, exists as part of the Canadian National Network of Museums and Galleries.

The center features exhibits, both traveling and self-generated, of historical, scientific, ethnological, and artistic objects and artifacts from local, provincial, national, and international origins. Public and educational programs are also available.

For more information write: The Doukhobor Historic Village, Box 3081, Castlegar, B.C., V1N 3H4.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Shoat Webster, rancher and quarter horse breeder from Oklahoma, was a top steer roper in the 1950s and still competes in old-timers' rodeos.

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STEER ROPING:
Rodeo's Controversial Sire

By WILLARD H. PORTER

Photos Courtesy of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center

When rodeo started may be a simple question to ask, but it is one that can't be precisely answered. Rodeo really originated in the minds of cowboys when they first realized they might be blessed with certain skills better than their neighbors'. In the latter part of the 1800s, those skills were the refinement of two basic ranch and range chores: bronc riding and steer roping. The early cowpunchers had to break and gentle horses, and they had to be able to rope recalcitrant cattle. Some cowboys, of course, became more skilled than others.

All the ingredients for competition were there—pride in ability, the spirit of individuality, loyalty to the horse, fierce determination, friendship with one's partners, the confidence to do one's best, and the advocacy of bosses. But where did the competition first take place?

The answer is lost in the billowing dust of the trail drives when, for recreation, a few gaunt steers were cut to the side one day, and "Red" and "Slim" went to work on them to prove who was the better steer catcher. We'll never know their real names and we'll never know exactly when it happened.

Still, rodeo historians are bedeviled by claims—documented and undocumented—of "first" from the archives of many towns and livestock communities. Among them are: Deer Trail, Colorado (1869); Piney Ridge, Arkansas (1879); Prescott, Arizona (1888); Cheyenne, Wyoming (1897); San Angelo, Texas (1898); and Haskell, Texas (1898).

Pecos, Texas, should not be overlooked. The city has gone to great lengths to establish itself as *the town* of early rodeos. In Pecos they'll even tell you the outfits that sent boys roping and riding down the main street in 1883; the Hashknife, the NA Ranch, the Lazy Y, and the W Ranch. And the winner was? Trav Windham, boss of the Lazy Y.

The first big rodeo in Canada was the Calgary Stampede at Alberta in 1912. By that time, the Southwest cattle country had produced a group of specialists, known simply as steer ropers. Guy Weadick, Stampede producer, sent invitations to most of them.

Ed Echols, a Texan who had moved to Arizona, won Calgary by defeating thirty-seven other steer ropers.

Ed Echols won the first Calgary Stampede steer roping in 1912. He was dressed "to the nines" when he posed for a Tucson, Arizona, photographer.

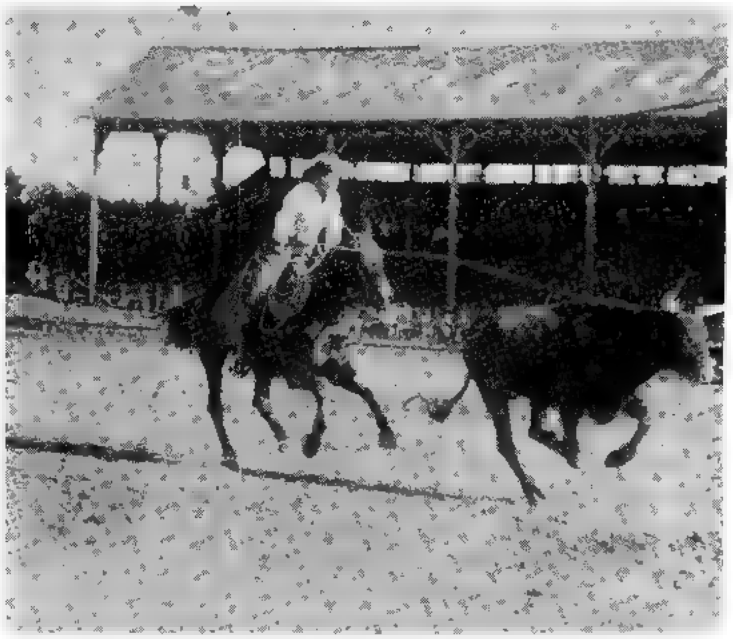
It was Echol's finest performance and he once remembered it enthusiastically. "I have an average time of 44.4 seconds on three head. Not very fast compared to modern times, but you must remember that the steers were very large, and the arena was big, too. They didn't try to tie steers as fast as they do today.

"I roped my last steer in a drizzling rain that made

the ropes as stiff as steel cables, and the arena was like gumbo soup."

The Calgary Stampede, however, no longer features steer roping. Because it is rough on stock it has become highly controversial. As far back as the early 1900s, some Texas papers editorialized against it. "The fact that the roping contests in vogue in this Western Country," said the San Diego *Standard* of July 30, 1904, "are a relic of barbarism is no longer denied. Civilization has set its stamp on us and better things are expected of us. And as evidence of this material change in existing conditions, the San Angelo Carnival Association has eliminated roping contests from their line of sports, and *The Standard* wants to go on record as being heartily in favor of the proposed expurgation."

Even to the west in Arizona Territory, newspapers criticized exhibition roping. On July 13, 1907, the Bisbee *Review* wrote, "With the action taken by Ranger Captain Harry Wheeler yesterday at Don Luis [a border town near Bisbee] in preventing the exhibition in which steers were to have been roped and tied, and Bill Pickett was billed to throw a steer with his teeth, the end to cruelty to animals in Arizona, whether in an exhibition or otherwise, was marked.



"FOR THE PAST three weeks, O.C. Nations and Clay McGonagill, both famous throughout the West as steer tyers and broncho busters, have been conducting weekly exhibitions of their ability, and as a sideline, Pickett, of Texas, a black cowboy, has been throwing a steer by catching the animal's lip between his teeth, after mounting the running steer from a fleet pony, and throwing the beast."

McGonagill was probably the best-known steer roper in the Southwest. He was born at Old Sweet Home, Lavaca County, Texas, on September 24, 1879. His family later moved to New Mexico. McGonagill traveled extensively, arranging contests with anyone who would rope against him. The story is told that he once bet a considerable sum of money that he could rope ten steers faster than another man could rope a single steer. Old-timers say Clay won the wager.

One of the most celebrated steer ropings of all time occurred at San Antonio on December 31, 1904, and January 1, 1905, as McGonagill met the famous Texan, J. Ellison Carroll. Each roped twenty-eight heavy, longhorned steers. Carroll, who was just as expert as McGonagill, won and claimed the title of "World Champion Steer Roper."

Carroll was born in San Patricio County in 1862. A tall, noble-looking man, he was not only a roper but a rancher, peace officer, and businessman. When Texas banned steer roping, Carroll moved to Old Greer County, Oklahoma, where he continued to promote steer roping matches and roped in many of them himself.

Though the Texan may have started steer roping in Oklahoma, there were plenty of Sooners to join in and keep it going. The state has produced more top-drawer steer catchers than any other. Some of the earliest were Henry Grammer; Blue Gentry; Fred Beeson, who lived just across the border in Kansas; John McEntire, a world champion whose son, Clark, also became a world champion; the Burgess family of the Creek Nation; Barton Carter; Ben Johnson, Sr.; Chock Dyer; Fred Lowry; Ace Soward; and Floyd Gale. Later came Ike Rude, Shoat Webster, Dick Truitt, and the great Everett Shaw of Stonewall, possibly the finest steer catcher of all time.

Shaw won the world championship in steer roping six times (1945, '46, '48, '51, '59, and '62). In fifteen of the twenty-one seasons between 1945 and '65, he placed among the top five steer ropers. Even his peers stopped to watch when Shaw left the chute box on his solid bay gelding, Peanuts.

In 1945, Shaw competed in one of the most remarkable events ever held. He and Ike Rude were matched on ten head of big, fresh steers at Dewey, Oklahoma. Shaw was unbeatable, winning by a margin of 244 seconds.

Shaw's total time on ten was 245.3; his average was 24.4. In a note to his friend, Bob Crosby, the New Mexico steer catcher, he wrote simply, "Ten steers . . . ten loops . . . ten trips . . . ten falls," and signed it "Shaw."

Strange as it may seem, the Texas ban on steer roping was advocated more by the cattlemen themselves than by the humane society. Steer roping skills could only be developed by practice. Practice involved cattle, and the ranchers who owned the cattle soon became outraged. Every Tex, Tom, and Tuffy indiscriminately took after stock just to increase his own speed in tying down steers. The ranchers' reluctance for that to continue resulted in Texas legislature's outlawing it in 1905. "Engaging in roping contest. Any person who shall engage in a roping contest with other persons or alone, in which cattle or other animals are roped as a test or trial of skill of the person or persons engaged in such roping contest, for any money or prize of any character, or for any championship, for anything of value or upon the result of which any

Left: Fred Lowry, a Sooner State performer ropes a large steer at the 1927 Pendleton Round-Up in Pendleton, Oregon. Lowry's time was twenty-four seconds. Right: Steers used in early day steer roping contests were much larger than those used today.

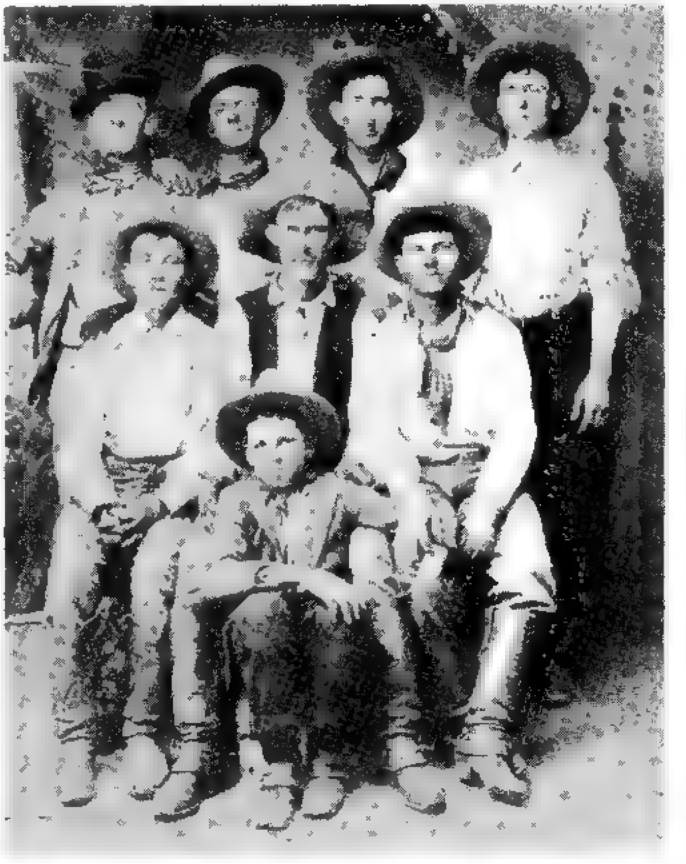
money or anything of value is bet or wagered, shall be fined not less than One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars nor more than Five Hundred ($500.00) Dollars. Each animal roped or attempted to be roped, shall be a separate offense; provided however that nothing in this Act shall prevent roping contests without betting or wagering, wherein calves or goats are roped as a test or trial of skill, so long as the contestant shall not throw or drag the calf or goat before dismounting from a horse."

But once a steer roper always a steer roper. Some went to Oklahoma; others went to New Mexico, where in certain places the name was changed to "fairgrounding" because the event was held in fairgrounds arenas. Some continued to rope in Texas, defying the ban. In the 1950s, steer roping contests were held in San Angelo and called "steer brandings."

SOME ROPERS went to Mexico. In the state of Sonora, fiestas south of Nogales and in Hermosillo at one time included roping matches. On July 3–5, 1909 a group gathered at Cananea to rope steers. The fastest time was 24.1. Ed Hall of Nutt, New Mexico, took the money. Some of the other ropers those three days were Ray Sorrells (father of Buckshot Sorrells), A.D. Page, W.O. Palmer, R.C. Wren, Henry Jones, Louis Barksdale, Jim Hall, Tom Shugart, Nick Farrell, E.B. Sorrells, and Ed Horrel.

Will Rogers once said, "Contest ropin' is just like marriage; it's a partnership affair between a roper and his mount." Rufus Ingersoll's Old Red went beyond the call of duty at a rodeo at Wolf Creek, Montana, in the 1920s. After sneaking out a smart loop that encircled both horns, Ingersoll tripped his steer and rode hard away. The steer was flopped to the ground but, as Ingersoll dismounted to make the tie, it regained its footing and ran out of the exasperated roper's reach. Old Red, entirely on his own, ran by the steer and busted it a second time. It stayed down, and Ingersoll tied it in twenty-eight seconds. In those days that was fast, especially, for a pair of trips.

A roper has to have a good horse to reach the payoff window. Some of the best were Milt Good's Dusty, Chester Byers' Stray Leaf, George Weir's Ribbon,



When George Weir (bottom, center) was eleven years old, he traveled the rodeo circuit with a "pool" of cowboys assembled from various ranches. Top row left to right are: Bert Weir, unidentified, Steve Dodson and Walter Littlefield. Second row left to right are: Cliff Newland, Jeff Parker (cook), and Bill Schrimpsher.

Eddie Burgess, a Creek Indian from Shulter, Oklahoma, was killed at a 1923 Cheyenne, Wyoming, rodeo, when his horse, Rex, was jerked down.

Carl Arnold has a steer "sledding" behind his horse as

Shoat Webster's Popcorn (a half-brother to Shaw's Peanuts), Chock Dyer's Nickels, Henry Grammer's Kid, Bully Bonnell's Roamer, Jim Snively's Rock, Walter J. Johnson's Beeswax, and Joe Gardner's Skunk.

The story is told that Gardner took his horse to the 1920 Elks World Championship Rodeo, staged by Tex Austin in a special arena on the lake front in Chicago. The stock, including all the timed-event horses, were stabled in a gigantic tent. The little grey gelding, Skunk, began to suffer from the teeming flies, so Gardner hired two boys to fan them away. Old-timers say Skunk rewarded that kindness by taking Joe to those steers so fast that he won the roping.

In the old days, "getting jerked down" was always a worry. It was an accident from which some ropers didn't walk away. At Cheyenne, in 1923, young Eddie Burgess from Schulter, Oklahoma, roped a steer on his sorrel gelding, Rex. Placing the trip, Burgess rode hard to the left. The slack came taut with a rending suddenness. The rope broke, causing Rex to pitch forward and fall. The weight of the horse crushed Eddie, who had no chance to escape the fall. He died on the way to the hospital.

Though most wrecks spelled bad news, a few less serious mishaps are still talked about by oldsters. Ben Johnson (father of the movie actor of the same name) once survived a fall and made people laugh about it. Johnson roped a steer at Dewey in the early 1930s and rode off. When the rope snatched taut, his horse, George Weir's Ribbon, fell. Johnson was thrown out of the saddle well forward of the horse, so he was not crushed. Shaken, he slowly arose and surveyed the debris. Both horse and steer were down. Neither made a move to arise. Suddenly the cowboy rushed for the horse, gathered its legs and tied them. With a wild cry, he threw his arms in the air to signal the field judge, who was so flustered he flagged the timers. When asked why he tied down his horse instead of the steer, Johnson answered. "The horse was closer."

Old-timers embellish the story, recalling that Mrs. Weir was not amused. She forbade her husband from ever letting Johnson ride Ribbon again.

Steer catchers' earnings in the old days were not great, but they certainly were better than ranch wages. Too, there was the excitement, and the satisfaction of being expert at a chore polished up for spectators. By the 1930s and '40s, a few gentlemen were making fairly good livings by roping, tripping, and tying steers as fast as they possibly could. Two were Bob "Wild

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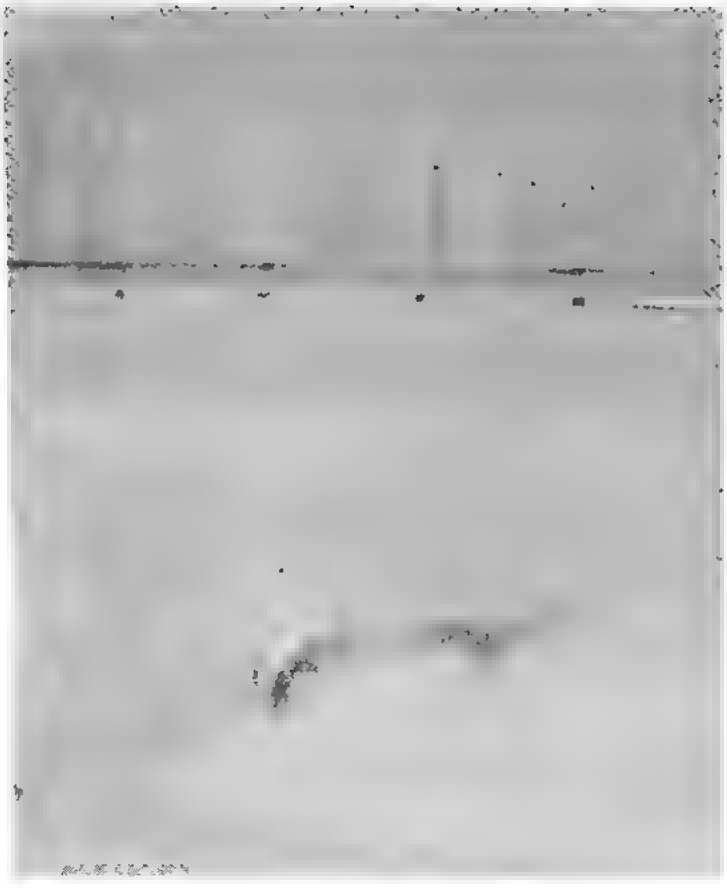

he hustles to make the tie.

Horse" Crosby, the New Mexican, and Carl Arnold of Buckeye, Arizona, who match roped one another six times in the early Forties. Since each had his own supporters, box office business was brisk. In a Roswell event, Arnold won $4,152 for a few minutes' work.

Crosby and Arnold's matches were wild and woolly affairs. Nobody knew what would happen, and nobody was ever surprised at what did happen when they hooked up. In another Roswell match Crosby's horse was jerked down. The colorful cowboy, famous for his old black hat, was knocked unconscious. An ambulance hurried him away to the hospital. Arnold recalls the incident. "We followed the ambulance and, while I was parking, we could hear Bob singing 'Cold Prison Walls All 'Round Me.' He was out cold but still singing that song. Mrs. Crosby told him, when he finally came to, that he'd have to learn a new song or quit getting hurt roping steers."

WHAT MANNER of men were early steer ropers? The Cheyenne *Daily Leader* of October 3, 1882, described them. "As you mingle with these cowboys, you find in them a strange mixture of good nature and recklessness. You are as safe with them on the plains as with any class of men, so long as you do not impose upon them. They will even deny themselves for your comfort, and imperil their lives for your safety. But impose upon them, or arouse their ire, and your life is of no more value in their esteem than that of a coyote."

Describing the Great Reunion of the Texas Cowboy Association, the Haskell *Free Press* of July 23, 1898, added, "For two or three days before the opening day, a steady stream of wagons, hacks and buggies poured into Haskell from every point of the compass, until hundreds of tents and camps of every description gave the surroundings the appearance of some great mining camp.

"Interspersed with hundreds of sun bronzed cowboys and ranchmen, who count their cattle on a thousand hills, were score upon score of the youth and beauty of fashion of the fair sex of Western Texas, awaiting the contests of the knights of the lariat and spur."

Today the rodeo steer roper is much like any other professional rodeo hand. The main thing that sets most steer ropers apart is that they have other businesses; most of them are connected in one way or another to the ranch/livestock industry.

Steer roping does not have many friends. Active ropers, of course, like it. And the oldsters like it. But because of its violence, it is the "orphan event" of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. The PRCA will sanction rodeos that include steer roping, but it does not actively encourage the event. Many people think that is because pro rodeo is getting further and further away from the roots of real rodeo. The point is debatable, but if steer catchers had not started it all in the old days, we might not have any rodeo to whoop and holler about today.

Wild Horse Bob Crosby was one of the toughest and most colorful ropers ever in the sport of rodeo.

Answer Man

Puzzling Portraits

By CHUCK PARSONS

The possible identity of only one of the men in H. Williams' 1898 sketch seems to be ascertained. Flat Iron, center, was most likely one of the members of Colonel Frederic T. Cummins' Wild West Show. The name and face of Little Elk, left, and Amos Two Bull, right, may be all we ever know about them.

In 1898, H. Williams drew portraits of three Indians identified only as Little Elk, Flat Iron, and Amos Two Bull. The original is now in Melvin Schulte's collection of Buffalo Bill memorabilia. Schulte, P.O. Box 203, 211 Fourth Avenue S.W., Pocahontas, IA 50574, asks for information on the Indians and the artist.

The only information I have been able to verify concerns Flat Iron. He was a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show during the 1896 season. He also was with Colonel Frederic T. Cummins' Wild West Show and Indian Congress. Dated 1898, the portrait quite possibly was drawn while Flat Iron was with Cummins' show. Other well-known Indians who worked with Cummins included Red Cloud of the Sioux, Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, and Geronimo of the Apache.

Flat Iron also performed in the Young Buffalo Wild West directed by Vernon C. Steavers, which ran from 1908 to 1914.

Garage Sale Gold Mine. A TRUE WEST reader recently uncovered a small treasure at a garage sale. In a box of odds and ends he found a pin with pictures of a man and woman and inscribed, "The Wonderful Topperweins Who Always Shoot Winchester Guns and Cartridges." Lyle Loban, Box 96, Yale, South Dakota 57386, asks, "Who was Topperwein?"

Adolphe T. Topperwein was a contemporary of Buffalo Bill Cody and William F. "Doc" Carver. Carver billed himself as the "Champion Shot of the World," and his scores were impressive. In Minneapolis in 1888 Carver shot 60,000 targets over a six-day period, missing 650. But Topperwein outdid him in 1907, shooting 72,000 targets and missing only nine!

Jack McCall's Younger Brother. Legend has it that Jack McCall's younger brother, Andy, called Wild Bill Hickok a derogatory name and was killed for it. Ben Garthofner, 16255 No. 29th Street No.11, Phoenix, AZ 85032, has read that tale in various articles and wants to know if it is true.

Jack McCall, who killed Hickock in Deadwood on August 2, 1876, had no brothers; therefore, Hickock could not have killed McCall's younger brother, as McCall claimed. Secondly, there was no boy killed at the Rock Creek Station shooting, where the murder was supposed to have occurred. Three adults, Dave McCanles, James Woods, and James Gordon, were killed at Rock Creek Station. Historians generally concede Hickok killed McCanles but not the other two. And there is some evidence that Horace Wellman might have shot McCanles.

Certainly Hickok did not kill any Andy McCall!

"Detective" or "Bounty Hunter"? Bounties and bounty hunters are a fascinating aspect of law enforcement in the Old West. But Stuart Traub, P.O. Box 2000, Cortland, NY 13045, has been able to find little material related to the topic.

I know of no book or major article dealing specifically with bounty hunters or the bounty system. I do believe, however, the term frequently referred to what we would also call "detectives." At least the men who hunted outlaws strictly for the reward would have called themselves detectives. In reality, though, if the reward were very small they would not have been interested in capturing the outlaw.

The best example of the detective as a bounty hunter might be Jack Duncan. A Texan, Duncan gained considerable fame assisting in the capture of John Wesley Hardin. He was motivated by the $4,000 reward on Hardin's head in 1877. Duncan later boasted of having earned more in reward money than any other four detectives combined. That indicates where his priorities lay in the matter of law enforcement.

Curious Creatures. Did the Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show ever include elephants and camels? That question comes from Tom Bean, Box 271, Dell City, TX 79837.

Operating under various titles over the years, the show was guided by George, Zack, and Joe Miller. During at

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least one season—1925—it featured an "Arabian" spectacle with elephants, camels, elk, and buffalo.

"Answer Man" Update. The June column featured a photograph of the famous "Dodge City Peace Commission." Among Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, and others shown in the photo was Neil Brown. Elma M. Brown, 7903 Eagle Crescent, Mission, B.C., Canada V2V 5C7, wrote for information about Brown.

Brown was assistant marshal of Dodge City from November, 1879, to April, 1881. Jim Masterson was marshal at the time. After several years of horse racing and gambling, Brown was again involved with Masterson during the Cimarron-Ingalls, Kansas, County Seat War. His last known work in law enforcement was as deputy marshal in Guthrie, Oklahoma.

The 1885 Ford County, Kansas, State Census lists Brown as a stock dealer, age thirty-eight. He was married at the time and had two children, Belle, nine, and J.J., six. His birthplace is listed as Illinois.

Forgotten Gunfighter? Several people wrote to ask about Joe Foley, who claimed to have killed eighteen men in some eighty "western-style gunfights." Foley died in Las Vegas at the age of ninety-seven on February 19, 1985. A question from Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, CA 93955, is representative. "If Foley were fifteen or sixteen when his first gunfight occurred, that would have been 1903 or 1904. Is it possible," Jacobs asks, "that this man was involved in such gunfights after 1900?"

I, too, read about Foley's death; the obituary was perhaps published in hundreds of newspapers. Frankly, I don't believe it. It may be possible that he killed eighteen men, but certainly not in so-called western-style gunfights. Wyatt Earp killed at most half-a-dozen, the Kid and Hickok perhaps as many, Pat Garrett only three or four. If Foley killed eighteen, why did we hear of such an amazing feat only at his death? I think this is just another example of a man placing himself in fictional situations about which he had read.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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By WILLIAM F. MACKLIN

Campo Shoot-out:

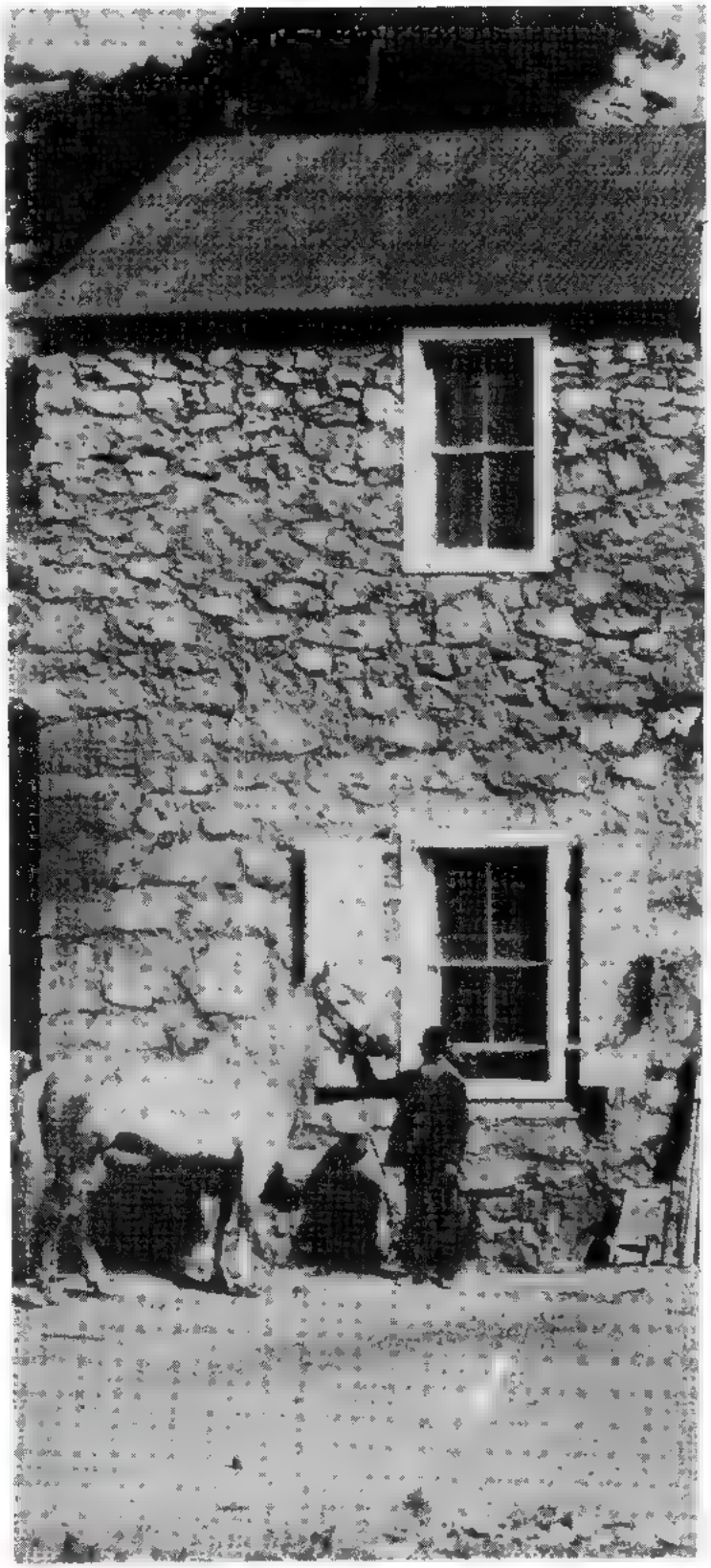
There are those who believe that on December 4, 1875, a dead man and his gang terrorized a town and shot up its inhabitants. Others would say such a belief is pure fantasy. There is evidence, however, that on that clear, crisp winter day a man certified dead by a coroner's inquest rode into the small California town of Campo. Before he left, the bodies of wounded and dying men littered the street.

In 1875 tension along the Mexican border caused public hysteria from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The military's telegraph hummed with reports of raids by Mexican bandits into U.S. territories. Every bordertown newspaper warned its readers of cut-throat invaders from the south. The policy was to shoot first and sort out the facts later. Dark-skinned strangers were always considered suspect and best kept in one's gun sight.

"One of the Mexicans and myself exchanged shots without hurting or touching each other. As the revolver used by me had only three loads, when I had fired all, I concluded the best plan would be to run, and so I did..."

On November 23 the telegraph service dispatched a sensational story headlined "Mexican Marauders Invade Texas." According to the account the Eighth Cavalry was called in to beat back "a large body of Mexican Raiders" which had crossed the Rio Grande. On December 3 the military telegraph reported to the civilian press that Mexican raiders had crossed the Texas border and rustled 18,000 head of cattle. The rustlers had left a path of death and destruction before returning to Mexico.

Hundreds of miles away in the sleepy little one-store town of Campo, California, those reports did not go unnoticed. Nestled in the mountains approximately fifty miles east of San Diego, Campo was within walking distance of the border. Its proximity to Mexico and the rugged, isolated terrain made local ranchers



The Gaskill store in 1875 was the center of frontier commerce. The popularity and success of the store made it the target of Mexican bandits.

Chavez' Last Raid

Courtesy of the San Diego Historical Society, TICOR collection

uneasy. Their fears were not unfounded. The international boundary was being violated at will by outlaw gangs from the south. The raids ranged from theft of livestock to murder and mayhem. A legendary—and, perhaps, mythical—leader named simply "Chavez" was credited with masterminding the invasions.

Without a clear description of "Chavez," anyone suffering from bordertown crime claimed to be a victim of the notorious bandit.

The federal government, wary of the explosive atmosphere issued reports of an imminent treaty with Mexico. The talk of a treaty, however, did little to soothe the nerves of bordertown inhabitants.

A sense of security came to the Campo residents when they heard Chavez had been killed. On December 1, the body of a Mexican male was produced in Yuma, Arizona, and declared to be Chavez. Word spread from town to town. While anxious American settlers were willing to believe the news, the Mexican community was skeptical. Nagging questions as to the body's true identity were raised.

A coroner's jury was convened in Yuma and an inquest was held. The "heroes" who brought the body to town were held prisoner until the jury could sort out the facts.

The inquest lasted three days. Witness after witness from the Mexican community testified the dead man was Jose Espanosa, a resident of Sonora, Mexico. The killing of an innocent man enraged the Mexicans. On December 4 the San Diego *Union* reported "The prosecuting witnesses testify that they had known the man killed to be Jose Espanosa; that they have been with and seen him in Sonora for eighteen months past . . . It is thought the testimony of the prosecution can not be shaken. Many Mexicans claim the supposed dead body of Chavez to be that of Jose Espanosa and are all excitement over it."

Faced with volatile emotions on both sides, the coroner's jury took what seemed the only way out. It declared Chavez and Jose Espanosa to be one and the same individual and released the men who had brought the body to Yuma.

Still convinced an innocent man's death had gone unavenged, the Mexican community was mollified somewhat by the American jury's acceptance of their testimony as to Espanosa's identity. Arizonans were pleased that the infamous Chavez was to be buried and his captors set free.

December 4 began as any other day for Luman and Silas Gaskill, owners of the general store and

Courtesy of the San Diego Historical Society, TICOR collection

Luman Gaskill had fully recovered from the wounds he received in the Campo shootout when a photographer captured him in a pensive mood circa 1880.

blacksmith shop in Campo. The brothers had moved from Indiana to Campo in 1868 and soon established themselves as the town's businessmen.

Offering the only convenient trading post for travelers and settlers alike, Campo was the area's commercial center. The Gaskills prospered in their small wooden store and had expanded into a two-story stone structure.

Luman and Silas were large, muscular men who could easily hold their own in a fracas. Nonetheless, they held a prudent distrust for strangers. Aware that outlaw gangs might pass their way while crossing the border, the boys had secreted weapons throughout the store and shop. Fearing the worst but always hoping for the best, the Gaskills were probably not prepared for the day's events. Both had gone about their usual routine of getting up at daybreak and opening the family businesses. Luman tended business at the general store, while Silas did his chores in the foundry.

Not far from the store a band of Mexican outlaws prepared to ride into Campo. The gang consisted of six to eight bandits. Most had ridden with Chavez.

The Gaskills' prosperity had not been missed by the robbers. They had taken a local farmhand, Alonzo Cota, into their company and questioned him about the brothers' habits.

Knowing where the boys kept the store's strongbox, the bandits set about their business.

COTA ENTERED the general store at about 10:00 a.m. and sauntered about as if trying to decide what to buy. Luman Gaskill was busy filling the orders of other customers in the store. When Cota was convinced Luman didn't suspect anything, he motioned two of his fellow bandits into the store.

Cota drifted to the back of the store as the two other bandits made their way to the merchandise counter. A friendly man, Luman asked the strangers what he might be able to do for them. One of the robbers, Cruz Lopez, stepped forward and smiled disarmingly. "Well, we need some rope, Senor."

Gaskill turned and reached toward the shelves behind the counter. Lopez and his accomplice drew their revolvers and, when Gaskill turned around, waved them in his surprised face.

Normally a mild-mannered man, Luman had a short temper. He angrily decided to resist the loathsome robbers. Under the counter was one of the weapons hidden for just such an occasion. Pretending to be after the strong box, Luman tried to work his way to his doubled-barrelled shotgun.

Lopez, knowing where the strongbox was, deduced Luman was going for a weapon. Lopez and his compadre jumped over the counter and wrestled Luman to the ground. Holding his revolver to Gaskill's chest, Lopez pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through Luman's lung and exited his left shoulder, causing pronounced hemorrhaging. An observer reported, "The instant the shot was fired everything was confusion. The blood spurted out of Mr. Gaskill's mouth into the face of the Mexican. He, thinking Mr. Gaskill was dead, ran outside, and all commenced shooting at everybody and everything."

Courtesy of the author

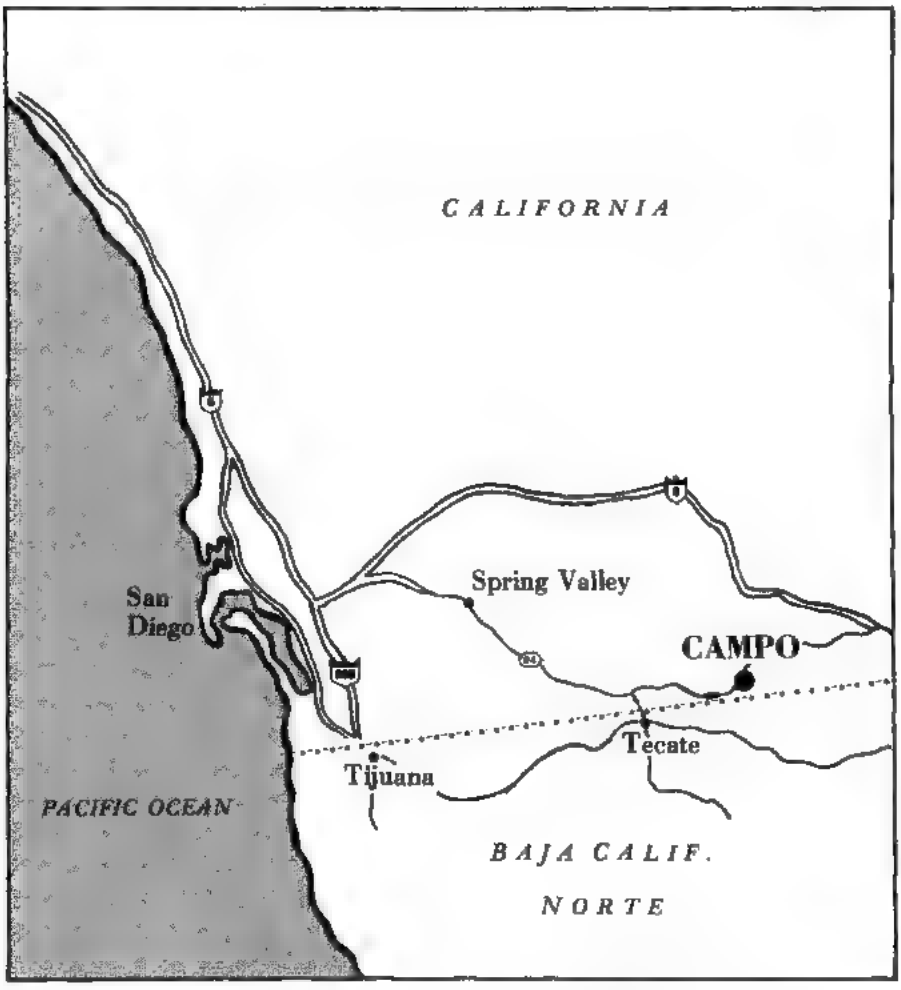
From the twisted branch of this live oak tree, two critically wounded bandits were hanged to death by the Campo lynch mob.

Luman was far from dead. Enraged, he lumbered from behind the counter and pursued the bandits, who had grabbed the strongbox. Blood oozing from his wounds, Gaskill blasted the retreating robbers with buckshot. They scrambled to join the rest of the gang waiting outside.

Cota fled toward the blacksmith shop. Having heard the shots, Silas Gaskill was running toward the store at full speed. In the commotion, Silas didn't wait to sort facts. He shot at everyone running about the store.

Cota was the first one hit by Silas' barrage. Five pieces of buckshot ripped through his lungs and abdomen. Recognizing Cota, Silas thought he had shot an innocent man. Still firing at the fleeing Mexicans, he directed the bystanders to take Cota to safety.

Outside the store, taking in all the action but not



Although 150 years have passed, the Gaskill brother's store stands today as

quite knowing what was going on, was a telegraph operator for the San Diego *Union*. The newspaper would later laud its employee for his bravery under fire; however, he candidly described his role in the shootout. "One of the Mexicans and myself exchanged shots without hurting or touching each other. As the revolver used by me had only three loads, when I had fired all, I concluded the best plan would be to run, and so I did, crawling under the house and standing in water three to four feet deep for nearly an hour."

One of the bandits was killed outright. He had rushed Silas, shooting him through the shoulder. Silas responded with a shotgun blast that caught the assailant squarely in the face. He fell dead in his tracks. The dead man carried papers suggesting he might have been Fedoro Vasquez. But because he might have stolen the papers he was never positively identified.

Of the innocent ranchers and settlers in Campo that morning, many were wounded. One was a Frenchman, who was eager to leave town. Before the day was out, he would again narrowly escape death. An over-eager posse came across the wounded Frenchman and mistook him for one of the bandits. They were ready to string him up on the spot, but finally decided to take him back to town. In Campo, the Gaskills vouched for his innocence, and he was set free.

When the dust settled one bandit lay dead in the street, and the critically-wounded Cota was receiving medical attention. From all the blood, it was clear that other bandits had received critical wounds. The next day a badly bleeding Mexican crawled weakly from a manzanita thicket and into town.

When the wounded bandit recognized him, the mealy-mouthed Cota recanted his story of being an innocent sheep shearer. He confessed to his role in the hold-up. He begged for Silas Gaskill's forgiveness and "promised to work for twelve years without pay," if Silas released him. He swore that if he were shown mercy, he would finger the leader of the gang.

AS SOON AS a posse could be mustered, ten hastily sworn in deputies set out after the fleeing marauders. The trail was not hard to pick up. After the shootout, they had headed east toward Fort Yuma. They had come upon an unsuspecting rancher named Simon Miller, from whom they stole two horses. Before fleeing into Mexico the gang came across two young men and killed them both.

The rage in Campo was out of control. Frustrated by the gang's escape into Mexico, they turned for vengeance to the two wounded Mexicans, who were shackled in irons in one of the Gaskill's buildings.

Sheriff Hunsaker had traveled from San Diego personally to take charge of the prisoners and to coordinate the search for the other members of the gang. The evening after the shootout, three men were posted to guard the prisoners. A stage was to deliver them

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Courtesy of the author

solidly as it did the day of the Campo shootout, a testimony to the strength and determination of two of the men who helped tame the Old West.

to San Diego the next morning. At about 11:00 p.m. two of the guards decided to "take a walk." A mob materialized and overcame the remaining guard.

The mob's intent was clear. They seized the dazed prisoners and carted them off a short distance. Cota denied his confession and again pleaded that he was an unfortunate farmhand caught up in a horrible mistake. The mob was unsympathetic.

A rope was thrown over the stout branch of a gnarly live oak tree. The prisoners were hanged, each dangling from opposite ends of a common lasso. A townsman would later comment on the irony of their fate. After all, the larcenous gang had asked Luman Gaskill to give them some rope.

The press took the side of the mob. On December 7, 1875, the San Diego *Union* carried the headline, "Judge Lynch Steps In," followed in bold type by "A Good Day's Work." The brief account that followed simply stated, "A party of unknown men overpowered and tied the Sheriff's guard, seized the two Mexicans and hung them."

The rest of the Chavez gang was never brought to justice. After the Campo shoot-out questions as to Chavez' real fate persisted. Was he the man buried in the Yuma cemetery—or was he still alive and with his gang when it shot its way out of Campo? At least four bandits escaped the Campo raid. A dying Alonzo Cota suggested their leader was one of the injured escapees who had been waiting outside the general store. The answers were lost forever when Cota and his fellow prisoner were lynched.

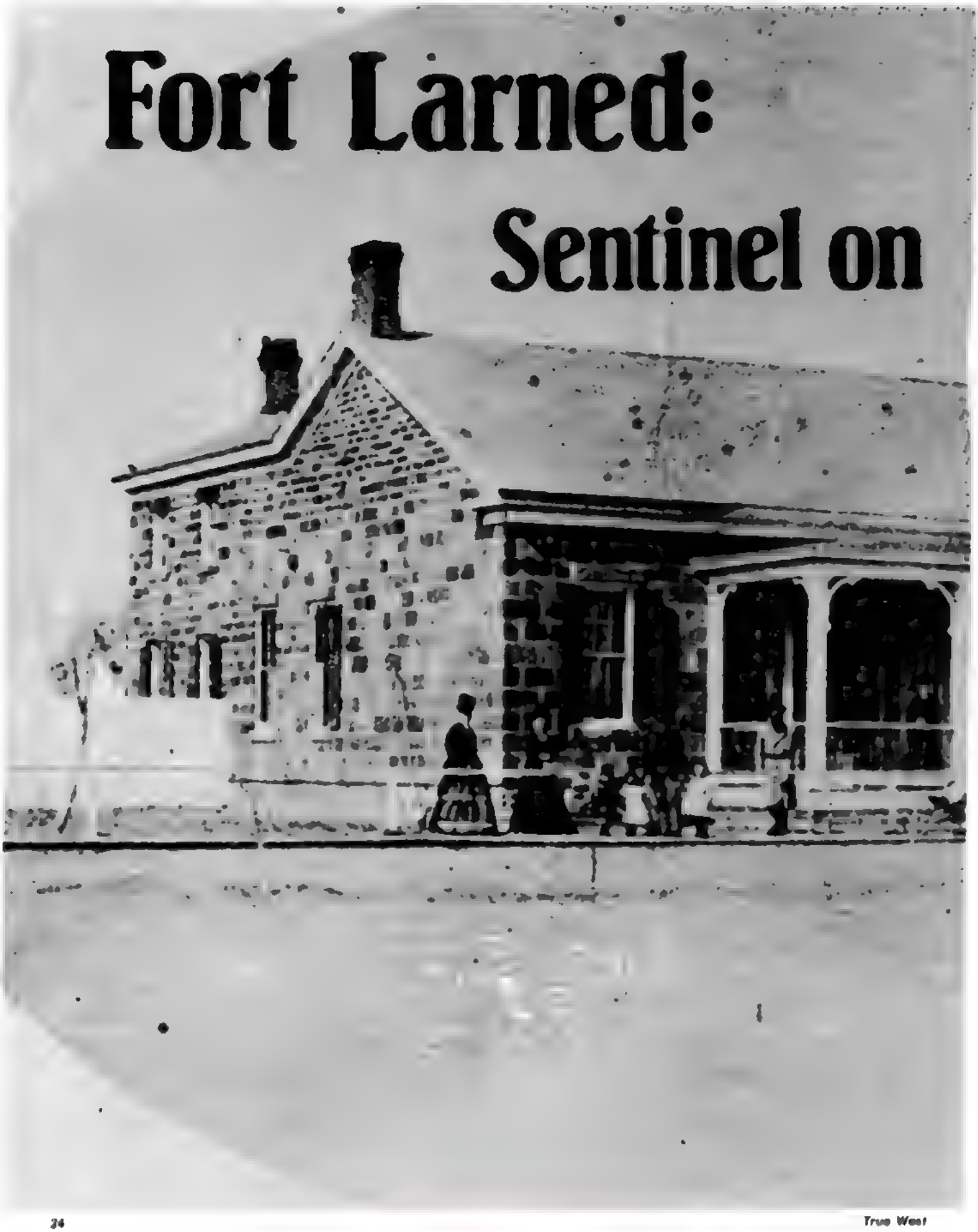
Simon Miller, the rancher robbed by the gang as they fled, noted they were led by a man who was "shot fearfully in the neck, and [who] he thinks can not live."

A few days later, the following report went unnoticed, buried in the back page of the San Diego newspaper: "Louis Serrana came to town this forenoon leading a horse which he had found near the Cajon Valley Sunday night [December 5, 1875]. When found, the horse was saddled and bridled, with the saddle turned under the horse, and one stirrup broken. The turned saddle and broken stirrup give rise to fears that some accident has happened to the rider. Whose horse is it, and is anyone missing?"

Whatever Chavez' true fate, neither he nor his gang of outlaws were ever heard of after the shootout at the Gaskill brothers' store.

After the hanging, things began to return to normal in Campo. The Sheriff made no attempt to identify members of the mob. Luman, who had been the most seriously wounded of the Gaskill brothers, slowly recuperated from his injury. Silas, too, fully regained his health. Today the Gaskills' Store still stands, a stony monument to the brothers' rugged determination and a grim reminder of Campo's bloody past.

Fort Larned: Sentinel on



the Plains

By CARLA DIANE GIVENS

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Kansas may conjure up images of Dodge City *Gunsmoke* days, but the Sunshine State boasts less well known but equally fascinating attractions from the Old West. One survivor of that bygone era is the Lone Sentinel, the Guardian of the Santa Fe Trail, Fort Larned National Historic Site.

Six miles west of the hilltop town of Larned in south-central Kansas, the ten sandstone buildings along the listless Pawnee still scan the prairie for signs of danger. Ironically, this Indian Wars post is remembered more for promoting peace than war.

In 1859 William Bent, Indian agent for the upper Arkansas River and operator of Bent's Fort in southeastern Colorado, recommended the establishment of a military post on Pawnee Fork. Shortly after, troops arrived from Fort Riley, Kansas. They pitched tents at the base of Lookout Hill (now Jenkins Hill) on the banks of the then-mighty Pawnee.

"Camp on the Pawnee Fork" was renamed "Camp Alert" on February 1, 1860. In June it was moved four miles west to its present location, where a sod and adobe fort was built. Again renamed in honor of Colonel Benjamin F. Larned, paymaster of the United States Army, Fort Larned now could perform its foremost duty: to protect mail and travelers on the most dangerous leg of the Santa Fe Trail from attacks by Plains Indians.

Later, however, the post would be called upon to juggle a variety of functions. Besides protecting mail and travelers *from* the Indians, the Fort would serve as an agency *for* the Indians. Thus the post that had been established to keep Indians from the Trail, attracted large numbers of Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Plains Apaches, who gathered to collect annuities. As a center for the Indian Bureau's attempted peaceful administration of the tribes, the lone outpost ironically found itself a base for military operations against them.

This guardian of the "Great Highway of Commerce" had other headaches. The well water was sulphorous,

The commanding officer's quarters, a two-story structure, is the only single-family residence on the post. It consisted of four large rooms separated by a central hallway, a kitchen, and upstairs servants' quarters. Major Meredith Kidd and his family were the first occupants of the house. At present, this building is a private residence and is not open to the public.

so drinking water had to be obtained from Pawnee Fork. The adobe buildings posed yet another problem. Because most of the structures were built hastily and poorly, repairs were needed regularly. During a rain, muddy water trickled into the dirty, vermin-breeding adobe.

When it was determined Fort Larned would remain an active post after the Civil War, the miserable quarters were finally replaced by ten handsome structures of native sandstone from near Lookout Hill. Their pine timbers were transported all the way from Michigan. No doubt welcomed as a much-needed change, construction took place between 1865–68.

Though Indians never directly attacked Fort Larned, the vicinity witnessed a great deal of violence.

During the investigation, two Kiowas who had six stolen ponies with them, were slain. Reportedly, twenty-seven bunches of different human hair were found on the shield of one of the fallen Kiowas.

Sources squabble over the exact number slain through the years not only between Indians and whites but also among the Indians themselves.

The Pawnee Valley had long been essential to tribes of that region. Great migrations of buffalo gathered there in the spring and returned for several weeks in the fall on their sweep north. The Indians warred among themselves for control of the fertile Pawnee Fork country; it was inevitable they would fight the white intruders to the death.

Captain Lambert Wolf, an early officer, records that the fort's Indian problems began in September of 1859 with the killing of Big Pawnee, second chief of the Kiowas. He was shot through the head on the bank of nearby Walnut Creek.

VENGEANCE WAS SWIFT. A man was killed a few weeks later by Satank, War Chief of the Kiowas. The Kiowas killed two mail employees near Lookout Hill on September 26, and they attacked three men riding the plains on October 20. Ten days later Fort Larned troops engaged in their first bloody encounter, when three citizens apparently reported fifteen Kiowas had forced them into camp. Twenty men under the direction of Lieutenant Bell were sent to investigate. During the investigation, two Kiowas who had six stolen ponies with them, were slain. Reportedly, twenty-seven bunches of different human hair were found on the shield of one of the fallen Kiowas.

Perhaps in retaliation for the slain horse thieves, the Kiowas looted a wagon train not far from the fort on November 3. The men were tied up to be tortured when Cheyennes, major opponents to travelers on the trail, unexpectedly intervened.

Fort Larned was less than a year old when the Pawnees and the Cheyennes fought a heated battle on an island in the Pawnee River, today known as Island Park. Led by Chief Black Kettle—who would later be killed by Custer's men in the battle of the Washita—the Cheyennes made themselves at home on the lower Pawnee Fork. The Pawnees had always claimed the area and duly challenged the brash interlopers. The challenge was carried to the unwelcome visitors by Colonel Henry Inman, who also observed the bloody pitched battle. It is believed about twenty-eight Cheyennes were killed, with as many or more wounded. The Pawnee lost only five.

On either side of the commanding officer's quarters are the company officers' quarters. Built in 1867–68, they were constructed of sandstone, with shingle roofs and broad porticos in front. Each building accommodated two captains and four lieutenants. The captains' quarters consisted of two rooms, a kitchen, and servant's room. The lieutenants had one room each without kitchens. In 1870 wooden lean-tos were added at the rear of each to provide kitchens and servants' quarters.

Construction on the west and east enlisted men's barracks was probably begun in 1866. When finished, they included mess rooms, kitchens, orderly rooms, and storage space. Each building could accommodate two companies, one of infantry and one of cavalry, with each company allotted forty square feet. In 1871, part of the east barracks was made into a hospital, containing two wards, a messroom, dispensary, kitchen, storeroom, and attendant's room.

Woe to early Pawnee County settlers and tourists! Take, for instance, the fate of two men by the names of Roach and Krauss. In 1860 a patrol from Fort Larned found them incapacitated on Ash Creek, northeast of Lookout Hill. Roach, who had a ranch on Ash Creek, had been shot twice through the neck. Krauss, a traveler, had suffered similar wounds.

The Civil War brought new responsibilities and challenges to the post. Partly inspired by the fact that whites were fighting each other, Indian uprisings had intensified, thus leading Fort Larned troops into more direct contact with Indians. Also, the post now had a housing shortage. While the stone barracks were intended to house 300–400 soldiers, they subsequently housed green volunteers and even a Confederate prisoner troop now and then. Those troops were paroled from the East to fight Indians out West. Often so weakened by imprisonment and malnutrition that they could scarcely walk more than eight miles a day, the "galvanized yankees" nonetheless fought with distinction.

Near the close of the Civil War in March of 1865, a gruesome example of unyielding Indian spirit occurred. Four Fort Larned troopers had been sent about thirty miles east to Fort Zarah. Only one returned, white-faced and terrified. The group had been ambushed on the by then notorious Ash Creek. William H. Mackey, who accompanied a detachment to the scene, reported, "Three miles east of the post we found the first body, literally filled with arrows. About two miles on we found another body filled with arrows, the hands taken off at the wrists, the feet were taken off at the ankles, the heart taken out, and the head scalped. The third body we found within five hundred yards of the crossing of Ash Creek. . . the heart taken out and laid on the body. A wolf was scampering off with one hand—we shot the wolf."

Life outside may have been dangerous and exciting, but daily existence at the fort was routine and boring. The food generally was bad. During the early years, having been hauled over vast distances, it often arrived spoiled. By the time the questionable fare was served, it usually had been prepared by a soldier who had no talent or experience cooking.

Each company had its own kitchen mess; cooks were selected from the ranks and took turns. Standard items were hash, stew, bread, salt pork, beans, coffee, and sugar. Fresh vegetables were a rarity, and scurvy plagued the troops in early years. The soldiers did attempt to grow gardens but often failed.

The garrison consisted of both cavalry and infantry companies, sometimes supplemented by an artillery battery. During summer Fort Larned had 150 officers and men; the officers could have their families with them. Organized in 1867, black soldiers served as the Ninth and Tenth Cavalries. They were called "buffalo soldiers" by the Plains Indians due to the similarity of their hair to that of the buffalo. After 1869, there was no cavalry at the fort.

. . . so weakened by imprisonment and malnutrition that they could scarcely walk more than eight miles a day, the "galvanized yankees" nonetheless fought with distinction.

Pay for a new private, after 1871, was $13 a month; a noncommissioned officer with several years' service received about $30 a month. Officers' pay started at

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$150 a month. Some officers had expense accounts.

The self-sufficient soldier was a thrifty soldier. Hiring a company laundress to keep clothing and bedding clean ranged from one to two dollars per month, with an additional charge for cleaning an overcoat and bedsack. Cutting each others' hair saved paying the barber twenty-five cents. Many soldiers sent pay home to their families, but it was rarely saved.

Some were branded, like six deserters from the Tenth Cavalry. They were caught, branded on the hips with the letter "D", and sent to a penitentiary for the remainder of their enlistment.

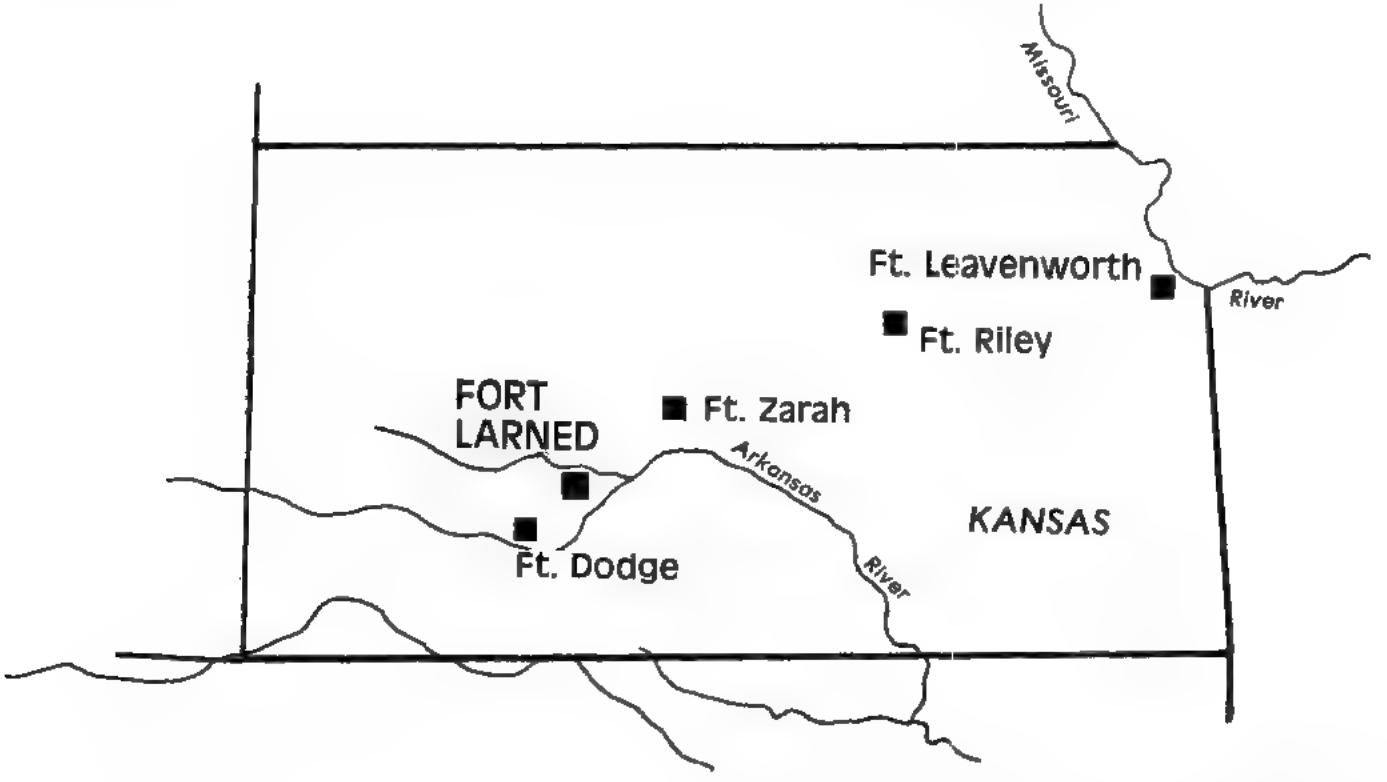
A typical day at Fort Larned entailed a rigid routine, beginning with first call for reveille at 6:15 a.m. followed by reveille at 6:25. Assembly for roll call was at 6:30. Mess call sounded at 6:45. Stable call was at 7:30, the men of the cavalry cleaned the stables and watered their horses. If there were a mounted drill during the morning—usually two or three times a week—the horses were taken back to the stable. If there were no mounted drill, they grazed at a specified place on the military reservation within bugle call of post headquarters.

Fatigue call was at 8:00. At that time, men detailed from each company assembled on the parade ground and were assigned tasks such as building a road or bridge, working on a construction site, or loading and unloading supplies. Sick call was also sounded at 8:00. The new guard took his post at the blockhouse at 9:00, relieving the old guard of his twenty-four hour shift. A performance of all or part of the manual of arms was presented, orders for the day and passwords given. Key posts on the Fort were assigned sentinels who were relieved every two hours.

If a morning drill was scheduled, recall from fatigue was at 10:15 and the drill at 10:30. Generally, recall was at 12:00 noon with dinner mess call at 12:30. Afternoon fatigue call resumed at 1:00 p.m. If an afternoon drill occurred, fatigue details were recalled for the drill at 2:30. Otherwise, recall from fatigue came at 4:30. Stable call came again at 4:45.

The troopers were called once more to assemble at 5:30. Evening dress parade and roll call at 5:40 signalled the end of the working day. Evening mess was at 6:30. Last call of the day was tattoo, which sounded at 9:00 with the soldiers in front of their quarters. Taps sounded at 9:30 and lights were to be out.

On Sunday there were no work details or drill unless a soldier was serving guard duty. Following weekly troop inspection at 9:00 a.m., the men were free until tattoo.



Whenever he was not answering a call, on detail, or at drill, a soldier's free time was his own. Some wrote letters, read newspapers and books from the post library, or conversed with other men at the barracks. Leisure time was often spent in games of cards or dice, bowling, and baseball, or playing jokes on new recruits, fishing, and visiting the sutler's store for a

For left, the new commissary was built to house the overflow of garrison food and subsistence supplies from the old commissary. For awhile it served as a hospital annex, and in 1871 the north end was used as a schoolroom for post children and as a library. Center, the old commissary is the oldest surviving stone structure at the fort. From it food was distributed to the garrison. For many years the western part of the building was used as an arsenal and powder magazine. Far right, constructed in 1867, the quartermaster building's large open storeroom was filled with military clothing, bedding, tents, field gear, tools, and other materials needed to carry out frontier military operations.

drink of beer or whiskey. Horse racing, foot races, and pitching horseshoes were popular. At times troopers performed plays. Fort Larned even hosted dances, but the men usually had to provide their own music and wound up dancing with each other.

TO ESCAPE the monotony of garrison life, soldiers frequented saloons off the military reservation. Referred to as "hog ranches," the establishments supplied prostitutes as well as whiskey. A few miles downstream, the town of Larned had plenty to offer after the railroad came.

A soldier could be punished for leaving without a pass, sleeping on duty, theft, conduct prejudicial to good order, breaches of military regulations, and desertion. If found guilty by a court-martial, the accused might be confined to the guardhouse or sweatbox, serve time at hard labor or walking a prescribed pattern burdened with a heavy weight for several hours a day, serve a prison term, or be dishonorably discharged. Some were branded, like six deserters from the Tenth Cavalry. They were caught, branded on the hips with the letter "D", and sent to a penitentiary for the remainder of their enlistment.

Impending death from illness and injury was its own form of punishment. Most deaths resulted from disease rather than battle. In 1866, between thirty and forty soldiers died of cholera. Alcoholism and venereal disease prevailed. Sprains, blisters, cuts, bruises, colds, influenza, broken bones, respiratory ailments kept the medical staff busy. A constant threat to the cavalryman was his horse, for many were injured by their own steeds. On the whole, however, the health of the Fort Larned garrison was good.

An unusual mishap took place...a rabid wolf tore through the camp and bit three soldiers...One victim refused to have his torn finger amputated; the decision proved fatal.

An unusual mishap took place August 5, 1868, when a rabid wolf tore through camp and bit three soldiers before it was shot. The bites were treated with nitrate of silver. One victim refused to have his torn finger amputated; the decision proved fatal. The other two

soldiers recovered.

Gunshot wounds, seldom inflicted by Indians, hospitalized some of the men. They resulted from fights or were accidental or self-inflicted. In November of 1870, Sargeant David Gordon, in command of an escort for the paymaster from Fort Hays to Larned, was lecturing on the correct way to carry loaded weapons in wheeled vehicles when he inadvertently shot himself through the knee. The wounded limb was amputated. He died fifty hours after the operation, never having regained conciousness.

With all its hardships, though, the lone outpost had its share of colorful visitors. Frontiersman Colonel Christopher "Kit" Carson, New Mexico Volunteers, visited Fort Larned following the signing of the treaties of the Little Arkansas, at which he served as one of the peace commissioners. James B. "Wild Bill" Hickok and William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody served at various times as scouts. Before becoming a famous Confederate cavalry leader, J.E.B. Stuart was at the post in 1860.

April of 1867 saw the arrival of Colonel George Custer, Buffalo Bill, and Henry M. Stanley, the correspondent for an eastern newspaper who immortalized the phrase, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" They were accompanying the expedition headed by Major General Winfield S. Hancock, a former Civil War commander who was department commander over the region including Fort Larned; he would later be defeated by James A. Garfield in the 1880 presidential election. Intended to impress the Indians with military strength, the Hancock Expedition culminated

Sergeant David Gordon...lecturing on the correct way to carry loaded weapons...inadvertently shot himself through the knee. The wounded limb was amputated. He died fifty hours after the operation...

in the burning of an Indian village on Pawnee Fork, thus increasing hostilities.

Relationships had degenerated since the treaty of Fort Wise (1861), which established a relationship with the Indians, and the treaties of the Little Arkansas (1865), in which the Government agreed to pay annuities to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches in return for keeping a low profile and staying away from the Trail. But Indian spirit was waning. The groundwork for the treaties of Medicine Lodge Creek was laid at Fort Larned in the fall of 1867. The signing was to have been at the fort. But due to religious reasons, chiefs from the Cheyenne, Plains Apache, Kiowa, Comanche, and Arapahoe tribes requested the site be moved to Medicine Lodge Creek, seventy miles south. The chiefs reluctantly agreed to stop all warfare and settle their people on reservations

Every weekend between June and late August National Park Service employees reenact post life in the late 1800s. These "living history" performers interpret the role of "buffalo soldiers" of Company A, Tenth U.S. Cavalry, who were stationed at Fort Larned from 1867 through 1869. The west enlisted men's barracks, shown in the background at left, has been adapted for use as a visitor center and administrative offices.

in Oklahoma. The Indians, however, decided once more to try preserving their vanishing way of life.

In 1868, the Cheyenne violated the treaties and attacked several wagon trains along the Trail, raiding settlers as far south as the Texas panhandle. Spurred on by the determined Cheyennes, the Kiowas, Comanches, and Arapahoes raided from Kansas to Texas in a desperate attempt to turn the inevitable tide of history. Fort Larned once again became a key post in an Indian War.

Because of his unsuccessful dealings with Indians, Hancock had been replaced by Major General Philip H. Sheridan, also a Civil War commander, in late 1867. A shrewd individual, Sheridan was just the man to do the job. He organized a winter campaign, ordering Custer and his Seventh Cavalry south into Indian Territory. Custer's November 27, 1868, defeat of Black Kettle's Cheyenne village at the Washita forced the Indians onto reservations, and Indian resistance on the plains was virtually crushed. Later battles followed, but none involved Fort Larned.

THE FORT'S LAST duty was also its final irony. As the railroad pushed westward, troopers protected construction workers from possible attack, helping to end the usefulness of the Santa Fe Trail it had so faithfully protected. But the post's flamboyant Indian days were soon to be memories.

On July 13, 1878, just six years after the completion of the railroad through Kansas, Fort Larned was abandoned. Only a small guard force remained to protect the property. In 1884, the buildings and land were sold at public auction and remained in private hands for eighty years. For decades, the fort served humbly

as a grain and cattle ranch. But in August 1964, the post claimed the recognition it deserved and became a National Historic Site.

The pages of history flicker to life at Fort Larned, offering a glimpse into the untamed West. Stop first at the visitors center (once part of the barracks) where everything from an authentic cavalry trooper's uniform and eating utensils to a post surgeon's crude medical instruments and grisly saw can be seen.

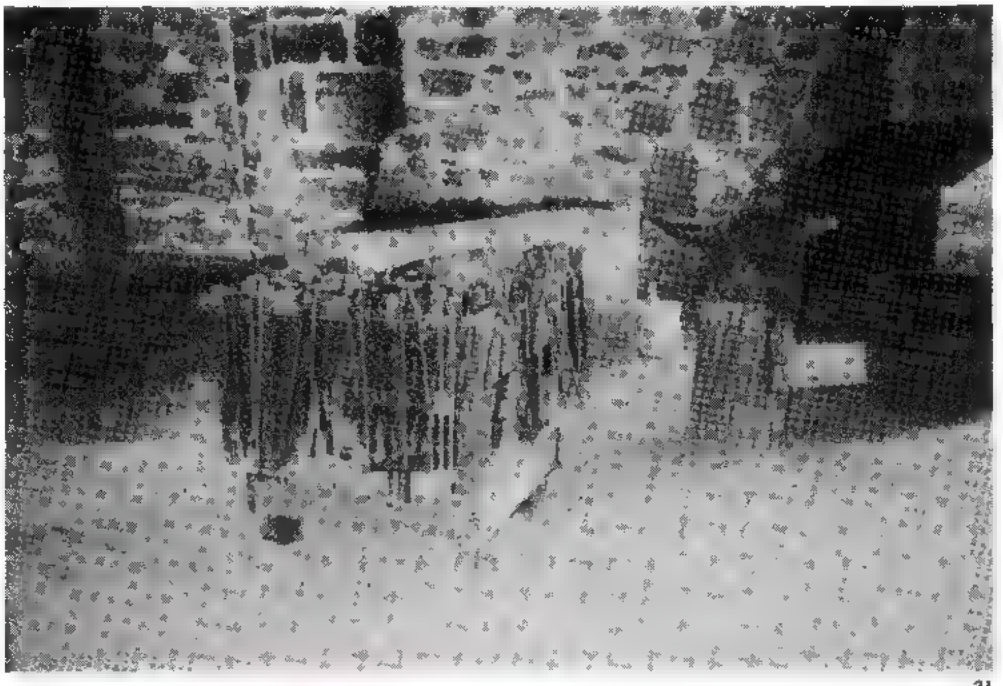
The fort recently received a quiver, bow sheath, four arrows, a metal arrowhead, powder horn, and pipe-tomahawk which possibly came from the site of Black Kettle's village on the Washita. Collected by a soldier who took part in the Hancock Expedition, the additions also include the trooper's memoirs and an Enfield bayonet and Civil War cartridge box. They will probably be on display this year.

Every weekend between June and late August post life during 1868 is reenacted. The Fourth of July brings a special celebration with artillery demonstrations and an old-fashioned oration. "Officers' wives" sometimes make an appearance.

Spurred on by the determined Cheyennes, the Kiowas, Comanches, and Arapahoes raided from Kansas to Texas in a desperate attempt to turn the inevitable tide of history.

Exciting projects are in the wing. The interior of the quartermaster building has been partially restored. Exhibits will be installed and the building will open for viewing this summer. The south officers' quarters have also been restored. Plans call for it to be partially furnished and open by late summer. A third project is the restoration of the interior of the barracks and hospital. A recently acquired bunk from the period will serve as a model for other bunks.

The winds of time have brought little change to the Lone Sentinel on the plains. Fort Larned stands alert after all of these years. As "Old Glory" flutters proudly overhead, for those who will listen, the bugles call, hoofbeats thunder, and cries echo to the distant horizon.



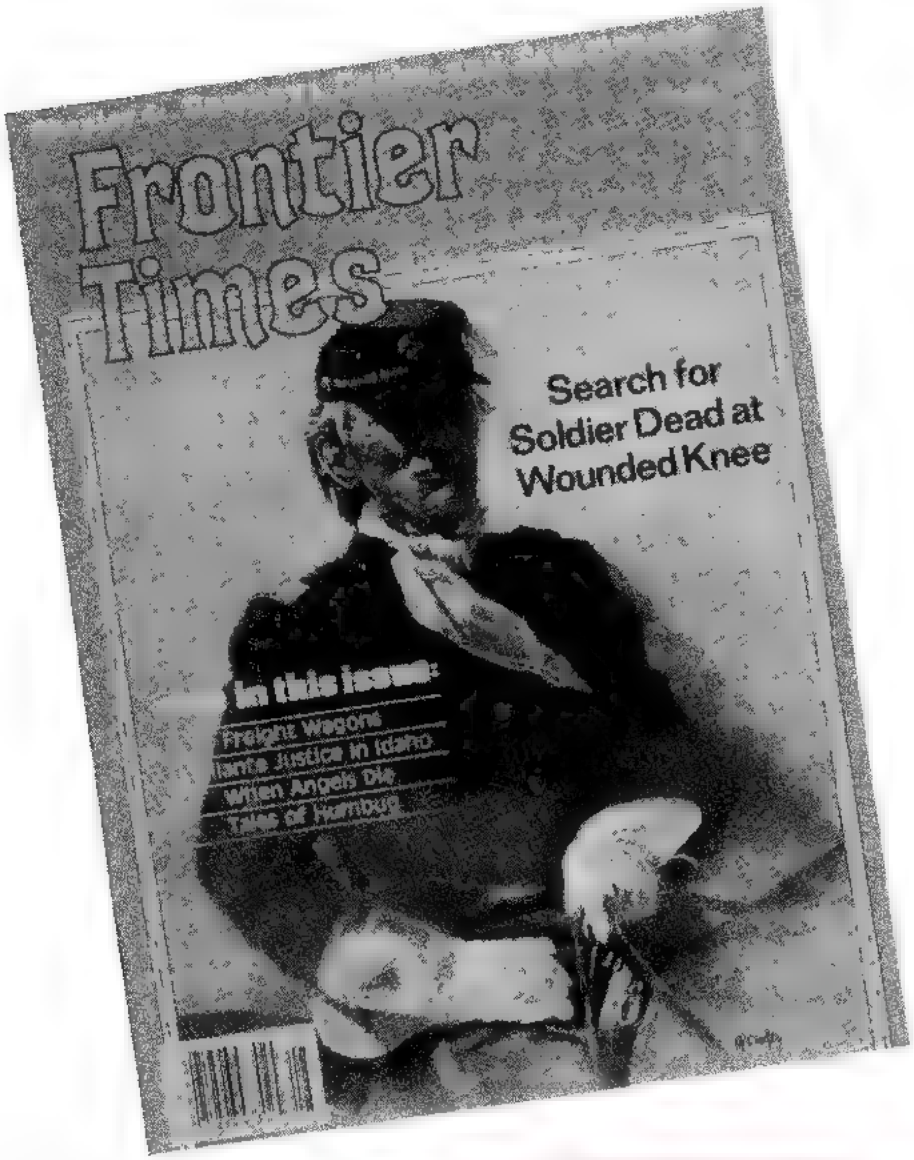
The blacksmith shop is contained in a three-room structure built between 1866 and 1868 . The post bakery and blacksmith shops occupy the end spaces in the building. The center "workshop" area was used for carpentry, wheel-wright, tinsmith, paint, and saddlery activities.

Wounded Knee Update

By JOHN M. CARROLL

In the August, 1985, issue of Frontier Times, I presented my research into the final burial sites of the United States soldiers killed at Wounded Knee. The taxing mystery of where they had been buried by the government had slowly unravelled, but I concluded with seven burial sites still unaccounted for. The missing remains had been moved to other cemeteries at family requests. The final resting places of the last seven soldiers have now been located.

Since the government allowed only minimal expenses for the removal and reinterment of the remains, some families opted immediately to have their loved ones moved from the hostile frontier to the nearest federal cemetery, which was at Fort Riley, Kansas. A few other families paid full expenses to have the remains shipped back home. The stories of the missing troops follow.

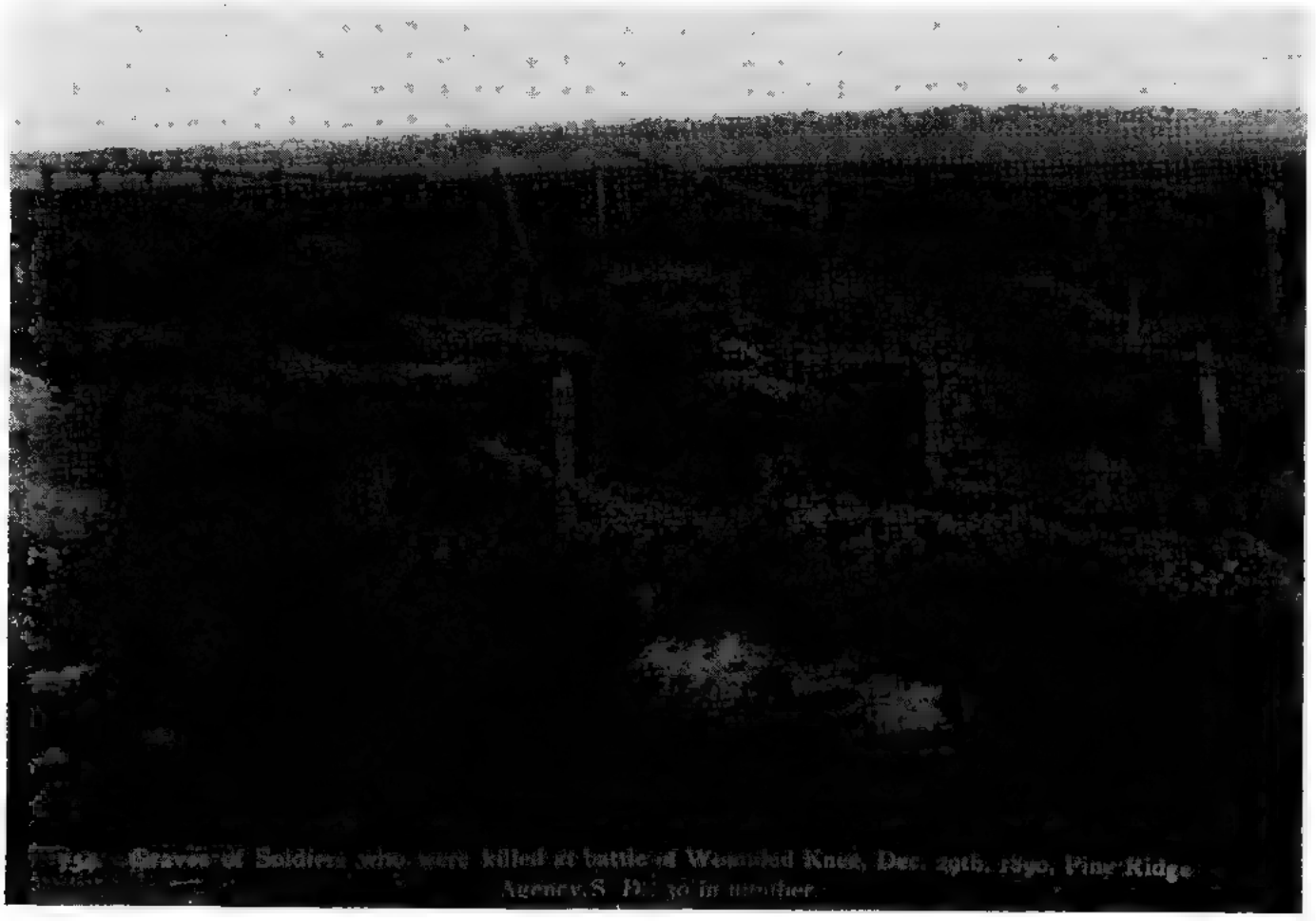


COFFEY, First Sergeant Dora S., Troop B, 7th Cavalry. Coffey's burial site was the last to be discovered. I found his sixth enlistment to have been from Ellittsville, Indiana; therefore I inquired there but received no response. Long after all the other sites had been discovered, a short note from his father was discovered in the Quartermaster records. It requested information on the costs of removal. When he learned there was no expense allowance for the trip, his letters ceased. I telephoned Sid Cowden, who sits on the board that administers all three cemeteries in the small town of Ellittsville. It was determined that Coffey is indeed buried in the family plot in Ellittsville's Methodist cemetery. No marker identified the grave site. The Veterans Administration has now been petitioned for one, and the trooper will be honored, though ninety-five years late.

HASLEWOOD, Sergeant Alvin H., Troop A, 7th Cavalry. Haslewood was wounded in the fight on December 30 and was returned to Fort Riley for treatment. He died in the hospital there on March 11, 1891. His burial site, Grave 13, Section F of the Fort Riley National Cemetery is marked.

HOWARD, Private Henry, Troop F, 7th Cavalry. At family request, Henry was returned to the nearest federal cemetery. Reburied in Grave 10, Section F on January 23, 1891, Howard has a proper marker. He was followed to Fort Riley by his peers in 1906.

KELLEY, Private James E., Troop I, 7th Cavalry, Kelley's was a very difficult burial to trace. The National Archives included a pension record for the family in Chicago. A request for information from all the Roman Catholic cemeteries in Chicago at first produced no results. But an interested individual in the office of one Catholic cemetery searched the



Hastily dug graves at the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota temporarily held the remains of thirty soldiers killed at the battle of Wounded Knee, December 29, 1890. Later, after much delay and red tape, the bodies were exhumed and reinterred elsewhere.

suburbs and discovered the record of Kelley's reburial. His remains are interred in Lot 14, Block 10, Section 10 of Calvary Cemetery in Evanston, Illinois, an unmarked plot purchased by Patrick Kelley, probably his father. At our request, the Veterans Administration is furnishing a marker.

LOYD, Sergeant George, Troop I, 7th Cavalry. Loyd's story was the most dramatic. He was in Troop I, not F as originally cited. He was not killed at Wounded Knee, nor did he die of wounds incurred there as I had first thought. He committed suicide at Fort Riley on December 17, 1892, and is buried there in Section F, Grave 19. It seems he suffered from severe wounds that were not responding to treatment. Then he fell down a flight of stairs, undoing any healing that might have occurred. Later that year, when feeling better, he was thrown from his horse, again damaging an already aggravated wound. According to letters from Lieutenant Garlington, Adjutant, 7th U.S. Cavalry, the trooper finally relieved himself of the excruciating pain by taking his own life. Loyd had received the Medal of Honor in recognition of his bravery at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Many times he made the dangerous trip to the river's edge to take water back to his comrades on Reno/Benteen Hill. With the cooperation of the Cemetery Services at Fort Riley, the proper Medal of Honor marker has been ordered for Loyd's grave.

McCLINTOCK, Private William F., Troop K, 7th Cavalry. McClintock's burial site was discovered when a reader sent a copy of the Frontier Times article to a friend. The friend immediately recognized the name and sent me a picture of the gravestone in Freedom Township West Cemetery, Freedom, Ohio. Located in the McClintock family plot, it is marked simply "Willie F., 1870–1890, Co. K, 7th Cav., U.S. Regs., S.D." Willie's father, Frank McClintock, went to Pine Ridge to accompany his son's remains on the trip home to Freedom. Services were conducted at the Freedom church by the Rev. R.S. Dean, of Hiram.

SCHWENKEY, Private Phillip, Troop K, 7th Cavalry. Schwenkey died December 29, 1890, and was first interred in Grave 25 at Pine Ridge. The remains were removed by family request. His brother went to Pine Ridge from New Jersey to make the arrangements, but he did not accompany the body home. Schwenkey is buried in Grave 3, Lot 985, Old Rosedale Cemetery, Orange, New Jersey. Although he has no personal marker, his name does appear on a family marker. The Veterans Administration has been petitioned to provide a personal marker for Schwenkey.

That closes my research into the burial sites of those United States soldiers who were wounded or killed at the famed Battle of Wounded Knee. At last all those troopers will have received due honor and recognition.

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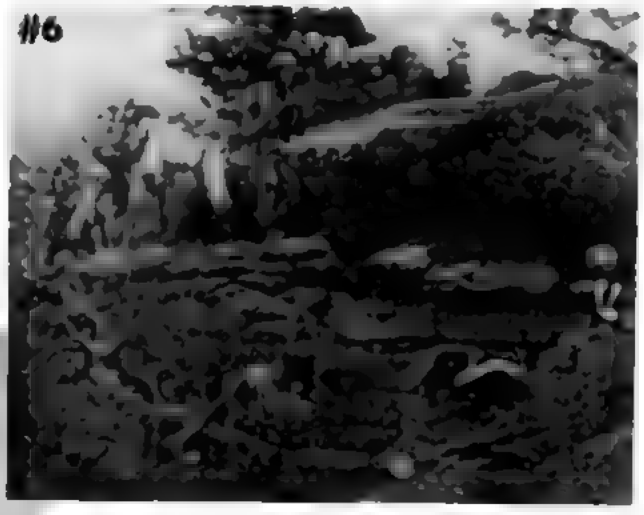

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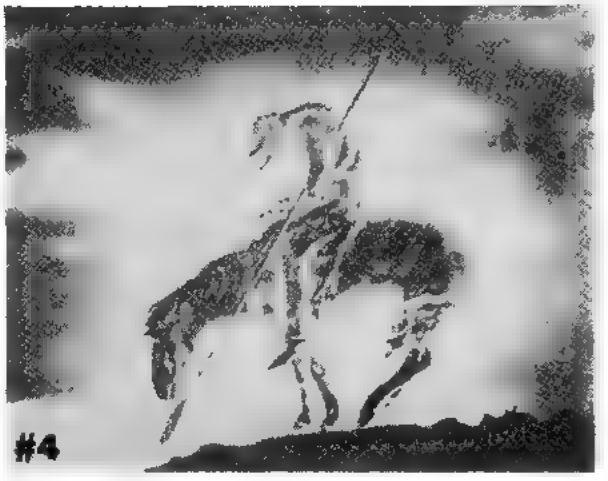
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Old West Medical Practice

By WILLIAM J. FELCHNER

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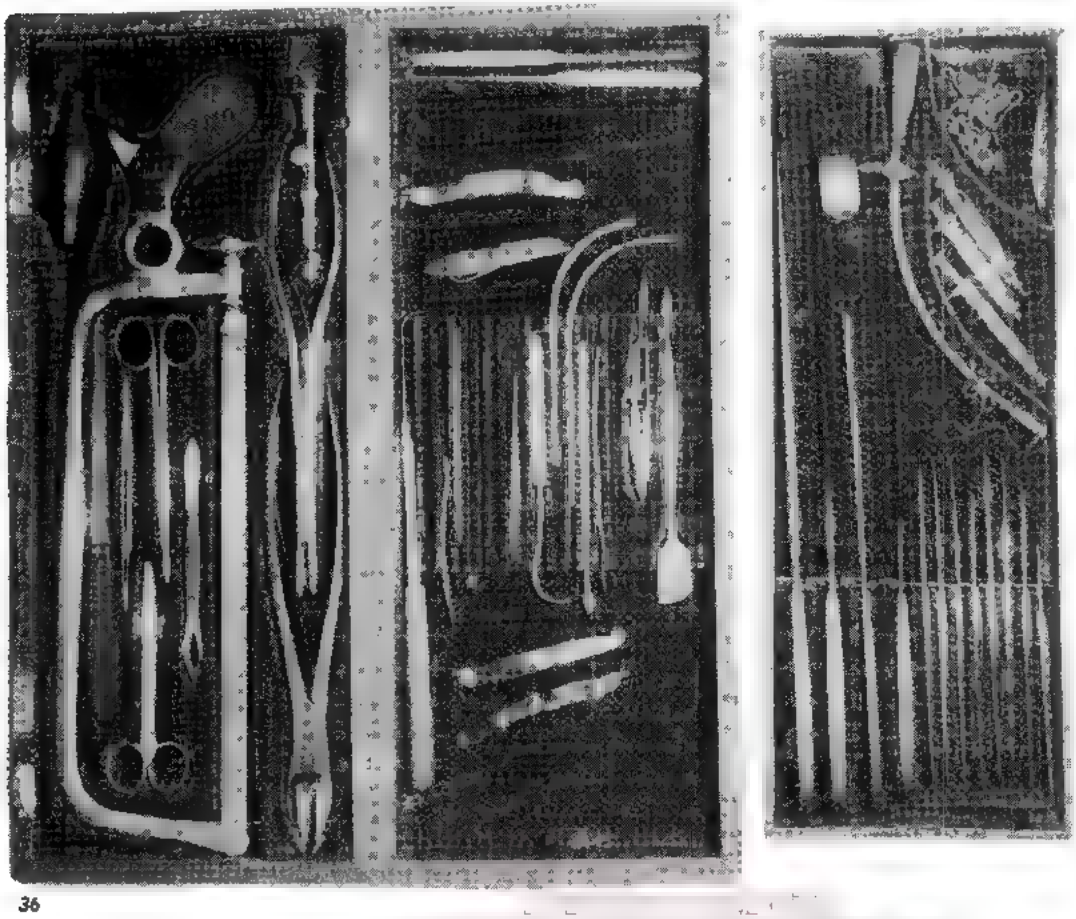
With fires, earthquakes, epidemics, Indian atrocities, shootings, stabbings, snake bites, and squalid living conditions, the Old West challenged physicians with the worst elements of man and nature. Old West doctors battled insurmountable odds to treat the sick and injured. Along with dedication, courage and, often times, pseudo-scientific knowledge, physicians employed a plethora of remedies and medical equipment.

In the West before the Civil War, physicians worked with a minimum of equipment. Basic instruments and crude concoctions were the staples of the early physician, who often was attached to the military or a missionary group. During the Civil War, the role of the physician and his equipment changed dramatically. From 1861 to 1865, some 12,343 doctors served in the Union Army alone. Compare this figure to the number of doctors—twenty-two surgeons and sixty-five assistant surgeons—employed by the U.S. Army at the start of the Mexican War in 1846 and you can appreciate the tremendous growth experienced by the Army Medical Corps during those tumultous years. Facing widespread outbreaks of disease and traumatic injuries physicians were issued medical equipment to perform their grisly duties. Surgical kits containing scalpels, forceps, probing devices, scissors, and bone saws were the mainstay of the Civil War physician. Bone saws, in particular, saw much use, as doctors performed an incredible



Left: Capital surgical kits were manufactured by Tiemann of New York. The circa 1860 model is known to have been used in the Civil War. Right: Monaural stethoscopes, circa 1840–80 were constructed of sturdy fruitwood or pinewood. These early stethoscopes enabled Old West physicians to listen to a patient's heartbeat and respiratory functions.

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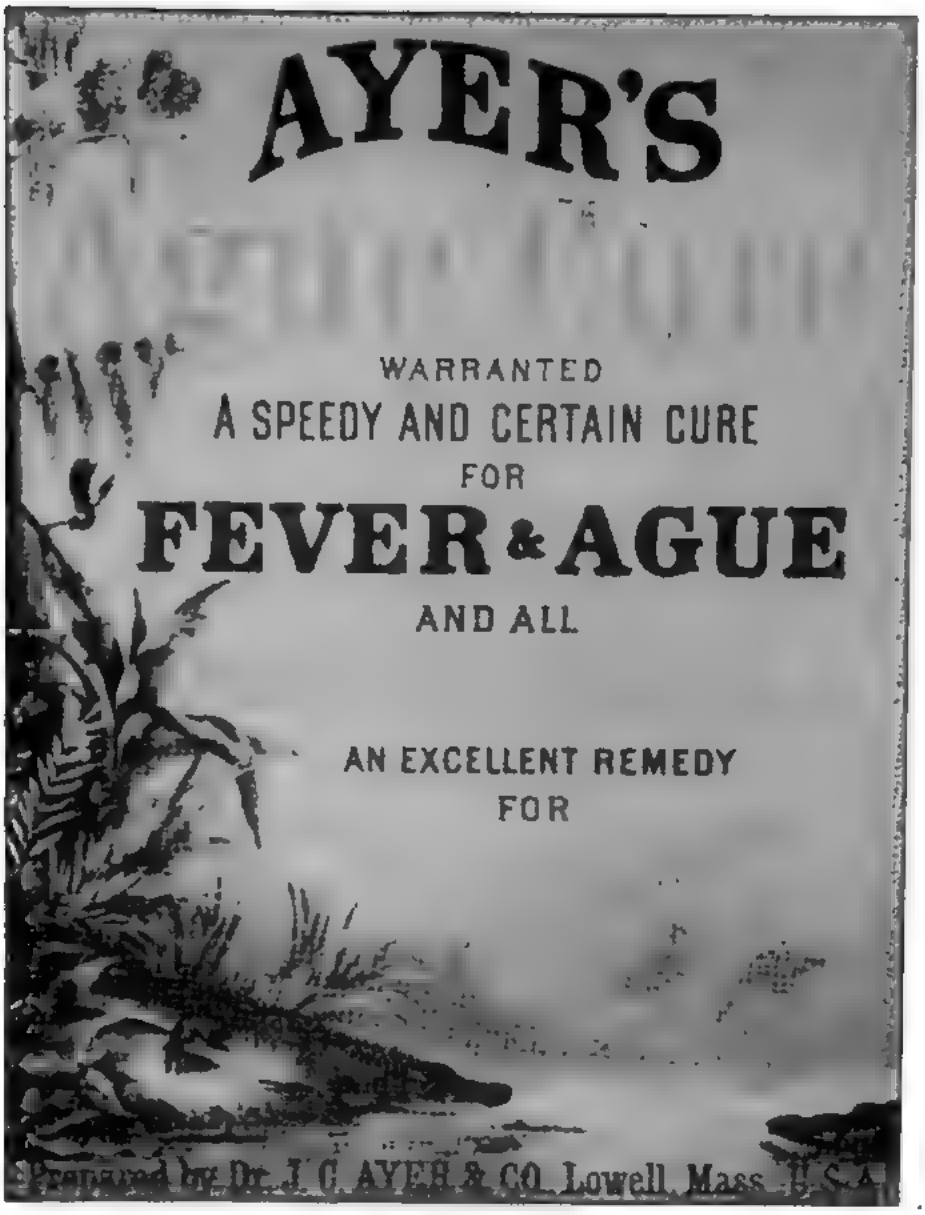


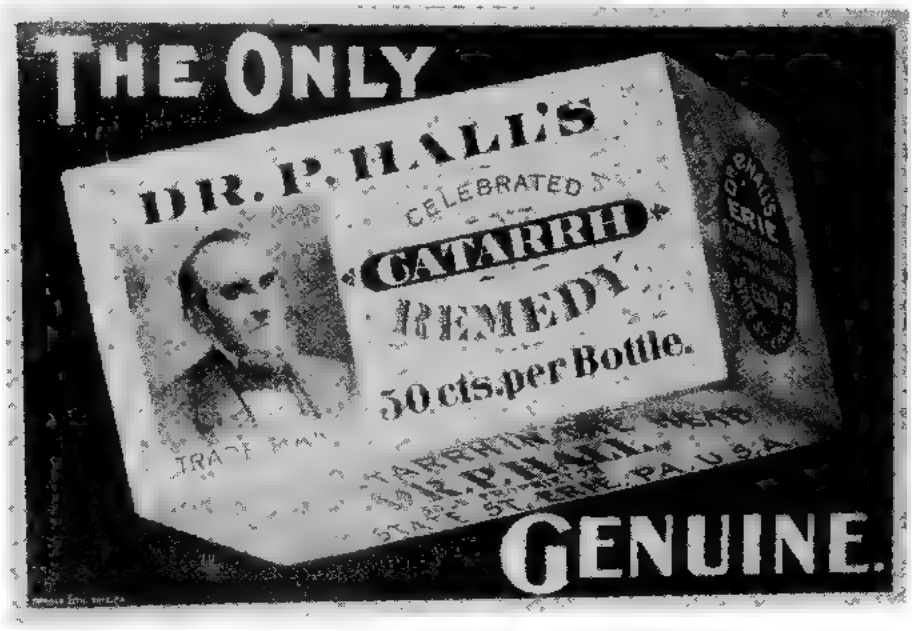
Courtesy of Hake's Americana & Collectibles, York, Pa.
Dr. James Cook Ayer received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1841. Ayer's patent medicines were extremely popular throughout the West.

29,980 amputations. Morphine—a powerful painkiller still carried by army medics today—was a staple among Civil War physicians, who administered the drug to the sick, wounded, and dying.

Surplus medical equipment from the Civil War was brought West by military doctors and railroad and mining camp physicians during the westward migration. They also transported newer European equipment to a post-Civil War West badly in need of medical attention.

Military doctors were often hard pressed to treat injuries resulting from the Indian wars. Army doctors devised several new surgical instruments to complement their multi-purpose surgical kits. Perhaps the most useful was the arrowhead forceps—invented by U.S. Army surgeon Joseph H. Bill. It facilitated the removal of Indian arrowheads. Military doctors also improved amputation equipment. In addition to amputating gangrenous limbs resulting from wounds sustained in battle, army doctors routinely performed amputations on frostbitten fingers and toes. Amputation kits with their specialized saws, scalpels, and probes were highly-prized by army surgeons.

When not treating injuries from battles or other random violence (floggings, gunfights, fistfights, etc.), military physicians were combatting the trooper's other two principal foes; alcohol and venereal disease. Alcohol, "the scourge of the West," was consumed in great quantities by lonely, bored, isolated troopers. The resulting physical and mental ailments often went undiagnosed and untreated. Alcoholism was not recognized as a disease at the time. Physicians with the best of intentions



Courtesy of Hake's Americana & Collectibles, York, Pa

Dr. P. Hall's Celebrated Catarrh Remedy was advertised in the early 1900s for use in the treatment of respiratory ailments.

often compounded the problem by prescribing medicines high in alcoholic content. Venereal disease also constituted a serious health problem among troopers, who regularly visited "hog ranches" where syphilis and gonorrhea ran rampant. Without modern penicillin, wide-spectrum antibiotics and sulfonamides, military physicians would likely have in their possession various "remedies," including permanganate of potassium, oil of sandalwood, cubebs, and copaiba. A medical textbook of the early 1900s explains the treatment of syphilis. "Primary stage syphilis," the text points out, "can be eradicated by treatment with organic arsenical compounds of the salvarsan class combined with mercury or bismuth, and very probably in the secondary stage also, although the treatment must be thorough and more prolonged." The text further states that "treatment in any case should last for at least two years."

Upon discharge from the military, many physicians started practices in the blossoming towns and cities of the West. Joining them were young Eastern and European physicians, many of whom journeyed West seeking wealth and adventure. Doctors were not immune to the lure of the gold and silver rushes. They often were hired by railroads, mining camps, and Indian agencies after failing to strike it rich.

Physicians who set up practices in towns of the Old West faced many problems. Lack of funds, which in turn led to lack of proper drugs and medical equipment, was not the least important. To supplement their income, many physicians worked as bartenders, druggists, faro dealers, and stock clerks.

A doctor who had built a solid medical practice and could afford proper equipment and facilities employed a plethora of medicines and medical tools. An Old West physician's medicine case contained invariably the following: emetics, to induce vomiting; diuretics, for urination; diaphoretics, to trigger perspiration; sedatives; narcotics; tonics; and whiskey. Whiskey was used (or abused) for a variety of medicinal purposes, including treatment for snakebite, as a painkiller and anesthetic, and as a cure-all tonic for such maladies as neuralgia and lethargy. Consider this Old West physician's cure for snakebite: a combination of whiskey, brandy, ammonia water, flaxseed poultice, blue mass, potassium iodide, peppermint water, magnesia calci, and Dover's Powders. A number of instruments from the East were available to the Old West physician, particularly during the waning years of the frontier when manufacturers' output increased significantly in response to growing demand. As with the invention of the arrowhead forceps earlier, other medical equipment was devised with the Old West physician specifically in mind. The A.A. Mellier Company of St. Louis sold specially-equipped saddlebags for Old West doctors who depended on mobility to complete their rounds. Selling for $12 and capable of carrying a variety of medical items, the saddlebags were advertised by A.A. Mellier in newspapers and catalogues. The company also featured a complete line of medical equipment, as shown by this advertisement: "Surgical Instruments! We have enlarged this branch of our business and are enjoying many advantages, both in buying and selling, on account of our wholesale drug department." A.A. Mellier further claimed it could offer lower prices than any medical equipment supply house in the West. In the same specialized vein, W.R. Church of Yorkville, Illinois, sold a two-wheeled, horse-drawn vehicle for physicians. Claimed to "ride as easy" as a four-wheeled vehicle, it contained special compartments where a doctor could store his medicines and surgical instruments.

Although most could not afford sophisticated and specialized items, a few successful Old West doctors—particularly in the larger cities—eventually added the equipment to their practice. The stethoscope, invented by Rene Theophile Laennec in 1819, was not used extensively among small town practitioners. Microscopes, available as war surplus equipment, were used by a minority of Old West physicians during the early years after the Civil War. The more specialized equipment available in the West included the spirometer, which measured breathing capacity; dynamometer, recorded a patient's lifting ability; urinometer, detected alterations in

Old West surgeons found a great need for forceps specifically designed for removing bullets, circa 1860.

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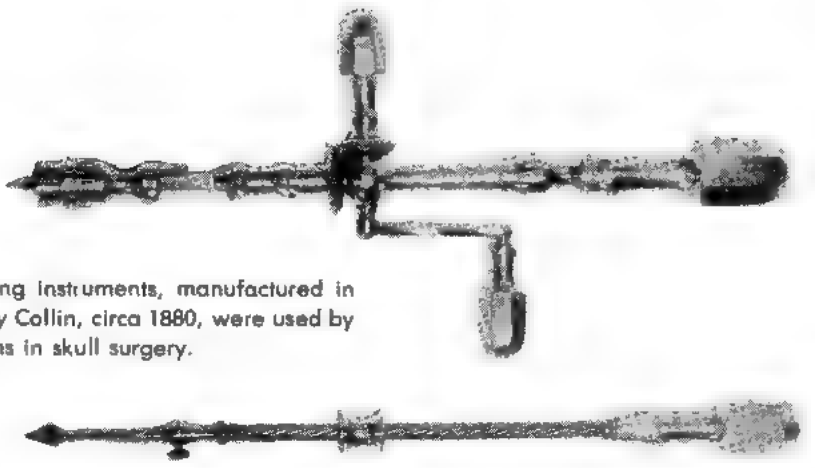
urine; rhinoscope, used in examining nasal passages; steam atomizer, used to treat chronic nasal catarrh; nasal douche, a device perfected by the famous Dr. R.V. Pierce; nasal syringe; sphygmograph, measured a patient's heartbeat; paralytic manipulator, an early physical rehabilitation device; vaginal syringe; uterine speculum; and vibrating kneader table, used in physical rehabilitation. Such equipment was usually confined to use by highly successful, big city doctors who operated clinics and hospitals.



Trepanning instruments, manufactured in France by Collin, circa 1880, were used by physicians in skull surgery.

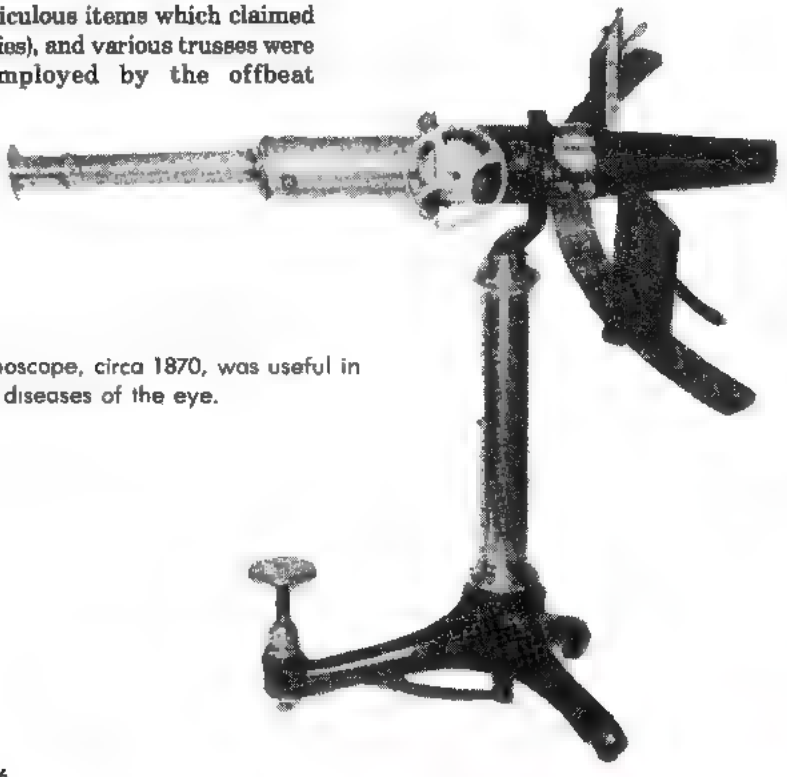
Another sophisticated piece of medical equipment that saw limited use in the Old West was the X-ray machine, invented by the German physicist Wilhelm Roentgen in 1895. Despite early hazards of overexposure the X-ray machine did serve a useful purpose. One outstanding case in point took place in Rochester, Minnesota, in the early 1900s. A child was taken to the office of Dr. Charles Mayo (of Mayo Clinic fame) after swallowing a belt buckle. In order to determine the direction in which the prongs of the buckle were facing, the youngster was X-rayed at the office of Dr. J. Grosvenor Cross, who owned one of the few X-ray machines in Rochester at the time. The machine clearly illuminated the belt buckle and its sharp prongs, thus enabling Dr. Mayo to extract the foreign object safely.

Not all medical equipment of the era proved useful. Quack devices abounded in the Old West. Electric belts, magnetic rings, inhalators, cancer pastes, mad stones (ridiculous items which claimed to cure rabies), and various trusses were mainly employed by the offbeat charlatans who traveled throughout the Old West. Mainstream medicine, however, was not without its share of quack medical devices. Various static electricity machines were used to treat nervous affections. In *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser* (1895), Dr. R.V. Pierce states, "Electrical application, to be beneficial [in the treatment of nervous diseases], require, on the part of the attendant, a technical knowledge of the highest character with costly apparatus and special appliances. There can be little doubt that electricity is convertible into nerve force. In treating cases in the Invalids' Hotel [located in Buffalo, New York], a large variety of batteries, dynamos and other electrical appliances are brought into use." Of course, static electricity machines, as we know today, were virtually worthless in treating nervous diseases.

Perhaps the most worthless device used in the Old West was "The Health Jolting Chair." In grandiose advertisements, the manufacturers of the chair claimed this marvel of science could cure any number of physical and mental ailments. In actuality, it was nothing more than a glorified amusement park ride whose operators extracted a costly fee.

Numerous patent medicines contributed to both the doctor's and patient's arsenal of remedies. Like their quack mechanical counterparts, the medicines claimed to cure everything from the ague (malaria) to venereal disease. A small sampling: Ayer's Ague Cure, Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla, Donald McKay's Indian Worm Eradicator, Sir James Clarke's Celebrated Female Pills, Kickapoo Indian Salve, Pink Pills For Pale People, Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, Ocean Weed Heart Remedy, Soule's Hop Bitters, Dead Shot Vermifuge, and Dr. Townsend's Cholera Balm. One patent medicine, Samaritan Nervine, claimed to cure a host of afflictions, including bronchitis, vertigo, painful menstruation, gravel, inflammation of the bladder, syphilis, asthma, epileptic fits and "nervous debility caused by the indiscretion of youth."

The bitters medicines were especially high in alcoholic content, thus accounting for the temporary relief experienced by many patients. Consider the alcohol percentages for the following patent medicines: Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters (44.3%), Parker's Tonic (41.6%), Peruna (28%), Hoofland's German Bitters (25.6%), Colder's Liquid Beef Tonic (26.5%). Incredibly, Colder's Tonic was used to treat alcoholism! Many prominent prohibition-



An opthalmoscope, circa 1870, was useful in diagnosing diseases of the eye.

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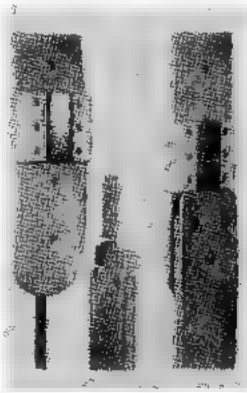

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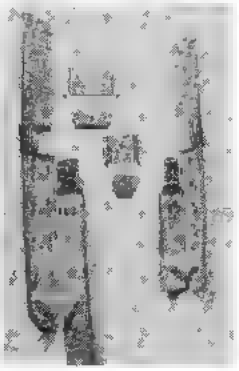

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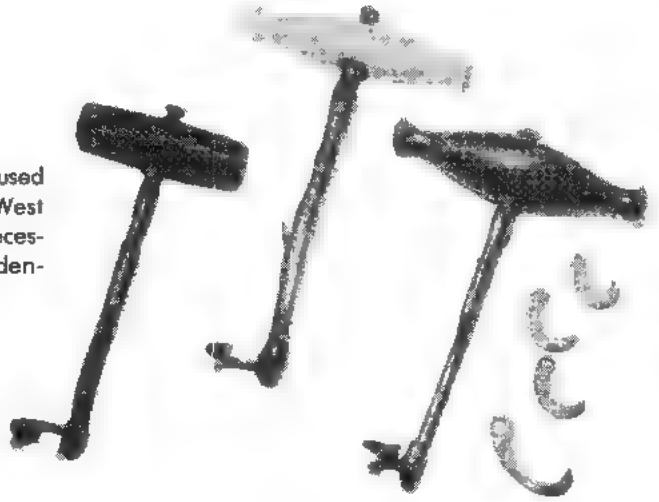
ists, fanatically dedicated to outlawing all alcoholic spirits, routinely used the various patent medicines, unaware of their strong alcoholic content. The Federal Pure Food and Drug Act, signed into law by President Theodore Roosevelt on June 30, 1906, eliminated many of the patent medicines from the shelves of American drugstores.

Lacking equipment and medicines, many Old West physicians improvised. One enterprising doctor successfully employed a hollow cane to drain an abdominal abcess from his ailing patient. Dr. R.P.R. Gordon of Montana used turpentine as an antiseptic when performing surgery on a remote sheep ranch. Without proper facilities, surgeons were forced to perform operations under trees or in churches and saloons.

By today's standards, medical knowledge from 1820 to 1910 was certainly out of the Dark Ages. Before the bacteriology theories advanced by Louis Pasteur, Joseph Lister, and Robert Koch in the late 1860s, surgery was often performed by physicians with dirty hands using unsterile instruments. It wasn't uncommon for a surgeon to hold a scalpel in his mouth or smoke a cigar while performing an operation. Antiseptic surgery, as advocated and practiced by the English physician Joseph Lister, did not come into wide practice until the late nineteenth century. Diagnostic practices and medical treatment were also rudimentary. Appendicitis was diagnosed as "knotted bowels," and surgery was not a prescribed course of treatment. Diptheria, whooping cough, cholera, influenza (called "the grippe"), smallpox, and tuberculosis ("consumption") constituted grave health hazards in the West and often killed scores of people during epidemics. Old West physicians were often forced to look on helplessly as those now almost eradicated diseases ravaged the population.

Despite all the obstacles, the majority of Old West physicians performed with distinction and honor. Dr. Fred Horton of Newcastle, Wyoming, delivered over 2,000 healthy babies during his medical career. Dr. Alex de Soto of Seattle converted a coastal steamer, the *Idaho*, into a hospital which ministered to the medical needs of the city's indigent population. Dr. Edwin W. Bathurst of Siskiyou County, California, once braved the waters of the Salmon River in the dead of winter and walked six miles in snowshoes to reach an injured miner. Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo—along with their father, Dr. William Worrall Mayo—laid the foundation for the world famous Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minnesota. Drs. Romania B. Pratt and Martha Hughes Cannon, both women physicians practicing in the West, braved the chauvinistic climate of the era to practice medicine in Utah. Dr. Thomas G. Maghee of Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, patiently rebuilt a man's shot-away face in thirty-nine operations performed in 1866–67.

The medical practices and equipment of the nineteenth century West may have been primitive by today's standards; however, let us not judge too harshly. After all, what will people of the year 2086 make of medical practices in 1986? The verdict should be interesting.



Various toothkeys were used to extract teeth by Old West physicians who, from necessity, had to double as dentists prior to the 1890s.

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Gentlemen and Scoundrels of Yesteryear

"A.K.A."

By H. Franklin Greene

Most, if not all, Americans have at some time in life been called by an alias, nickname or moniker—in other words, "also known as." Furthermore, all criminals who use aliases are not all scoundrels, neither are all gentlemen.

Robert Leroy Parker, a.k.a. Butch Cassidy, was a gentle man—a "Robin Hood" who robbed trains, but never killed anyone. He actually gave away most of his loot to the poor farmers and ranchers, thereby making it difficult for the law to catch him. Butch Cassidy took the name Cassidy from an outlaw who befriended him in his youth. The "Butch" part came from his having been a butcher in a meat market.

Harry Longabaugh, a.k.a. The Sundance Kid, was an ill-tempered individual who would kill a man for any small cause. His nickname, Sundance, was acquired from the town of Sundance, Wyoming, where he served time for horse stealing.

Charles Bolton, a.k.a. Black Bart, was a kind, elderly, gray haired man who robbed stagecoaches with an empty gun, a disguise, and a big bluff. Most of his ill-gotten money went to widows and orphans. As a result, farmers and poor families protected and shielded him. Consequently, the law was never able to apprehend him.

Two of history's toughest and most sadistic scoundrels, Francisco "Pancho" Villa and Russia's Rasputin a.k.a. The Mad Monk, were almost too tough to die.

Pancho, while driving his 1919 Dodge touring car, was attacked by eight men who were armed with Winchester Rifles. They pumped sixteen bullets into him—twelve in his body, four more in his head. One of his arms was hanging only by shreds of flesh, his intestines were spilling onto the floorboards of the Dodge, and his entire massive chest was torn apart as if by a large saw.

The eight assassins closed in, amazed at their easy kill. Looking down on Pancho, they began to laugh at his mangled body. Suddenly Villa's eyes opened, his mouth snarled wide with a super human gesture. Raising his body up and with his good arm across his torn belly, he yanked his Colt pistol from the holster and killed the leader, Ramon Guerra.

Shortly after Pancho was buried, the remaining assassins dug up his body and cut off his head. By doing this they reassured the people that Pancho was actually dead. His head was never recovered.

Rasputin, The Mad Monk, was still tougher and more durable than Villa. Russia's nobility believed Rasputin controlled their government because of his sexual powers over Empress Alexandra. He had to be killed. Rasputin seduced the Empress while her husband, Czar Nicholas II, was away at war. He was given full rein in ruling the country. With the Empress' approval, he was able to select and fill important government positions. The Mad Monk became the untitled ruler of Russia—through the Empress he was able to dismiss anyone he wished and name new ministers. The Monk ignored criticism. He felt he was the most powerful man in Russia. He controlled the Empress and therefore the Government.

Newspapers that attacked him for the immoral and insane person he was were destroyed. Members of the aristocracy who urged the Empress to get rid of the lunatic were banished. The Mad Monk led many of the patronizing female aristocracy into believing that they would be purified if they came into physical contact with him. Naturally, complete purification could only come through intercourse and, according to reliable reports, almost all of the high ranking women in St. Petersburg had more than one romantic liaison with him.

The Monk, however, had one problem with the female aristocracy. He refused to bathe. Rasputin smelled like an open latrine. He claimed bathing took away his sexual powers. His stench was so powerful, that before going to see him, the ladies literally bathed in perfume, hoping that their own odors would overpower his.

Rasputin's fame or infamy rose rapidly. Several noblemen concluded that the only way the monarchy could be saved was with the assassination of Rasputin. Among those who helped plan his demise was the Czar's cousin, Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich. Prince Felix Yusupov, another conspirator, had his beautiful wife, Irene, lure Rasputin to their castle on the pretext of a party.

The Mad Monk arrived in a drunken condition, emitting his usual foul odor. He was then ushered into an empty banquet hall and informed that the guests had departed. While he waited for Irene to come and greet him, he was offered some brown cakes, which had been prepared by a Dr. Lazovert. Each cake had enough cyanide to kill ten men. Rasputin ate all the cakes quickly, and then belched, "Good, is there more?" He was then served a goblet of wine which contained enough cyanide to kill him instantly. He drank six goblets of the cyanide-laced wine without showing any signs of discomfort.

"Where is Princess Irene?" yelled the Mad Monk. Having been told that she was preparing herself, Rasputin got up and paced back and forth, screaming, "I don't like to be kept waiting."

The prince was frantic. The poison had failed. Yusupov drew a large dagger and stabbed Rasputin until he fell. He then tied the monk hand and foot and sought his fellow conspirators to help dispose of the body. When they bent over to pick up Rasputin, he suddenly came to life, his fierce eyes blazing, and grabbed for Prince Yusupov. One of the conspirators drew his pistol and emptied it into the Mad Monk's body. Rasputin collapsed.

Rasputin's body, bound with chains and ropes, was thrown into the frozen Neva River, where the six men had hacked an opening in the ice. Yusupov kicked him as they submerged the body.

Rasputin's body was found the next day on the opposite shore where he swam under the ice, using his head to crack the ice to get the much needed air. Ironically, his death was not due to poison, stab wounds or the six bullets, but to drowning.

An autopsy was performed on his body. The report revealed Rasputin had dyspepsia, a condition whereby his stomach did not secrete hydrochloric acid which is necessary to activate cyanide.

Huey Pierce Long, a.k.a. Kingfish, was the most flamboyant politician America has ever seen. A wild man and womanizer with the insatiable lust of a satyr, he participated in many drunken orgies. He bribed state legislators to push through his pet bills which he claimed helped his "little people." He had been a U.S. senator and a governor and at one time ordered one of his body guards to murder an opposing senator. Once, when a group of anti-Long people swarmed into the streets armed with pitchforks and shotguns, he called out his state troopers. They smashed dozens of heads against the curb stones; with blood splashed on the streets, he yelled he was still the authority in Louisiana.

On September 8, 1935, a meek-looking doctor, named Carl Austin Weiss, was charged with assassinating Kingfish. Supposedly for revenge because of Long's raping one of his family. Many believe, however, his own body guards did him in.

Joseph Weil, better known as Yellow Kid Weil, got his name from a cartoon strip he was reading while in the presence of a Chicago politician, John Coughlin a.k.a. Bath-House John. Weil became one of the world's best known con artists.

William Graham, a.k.a. Curly Bill Brocius, a young, freckled-faced Texas cowboy, was so named at a dance when a female Mexican singer called him, "my Curly Bill Boy," but which really sounded more like "my Curly Bill Brocius." Curly Bill later became the terror of Tombstone, Arizona. Some say Wyatt Earp killed and beheaded him, this was never proven nor has there been any tangible evidence to substantiate it. Wyatt did present a man's head that he claimed was Curly Bill, but it really was that of a Mexican.

Alphonse Capone, crime czar of Chicago during the 1920s, was known as Scarface. This disfigurement was the result of his having been slashed with a stiletto after Capone insulted a young waitress in a Brooklyn bar in 1917, her brother took revenge and slashed him three times on the face.

Charles Arthur Floyd, a.k.a. Pretty Boy Floyd, was a handsome 1930s bank robber. A madam from Kansas, Missouri, named Ann Chambers refused to let any of the girls in her brothel service him. She always claimed, "I want you for myself, pretty boy." Consequently, the name stuck. Even the newspaper reporters referred to him as "Pretty Boy Floyd" when they wrote about him in their articles.

Cherokee Bill killed thirteen men before his 21st birthday. His real name was a respected Crawford Goldsby.

Billy the Kid had several names, among them were Henry McCarty, Henry Antrim, and William Bonney.

However, one person Billy the Kid really did not deserve his nickname was none other than Wild Bill Hickok. He was known to have murdered small boys and unarmed men. At one time Wild Bill was a member of Buffalo Bill's (a.k.a. William Cody) Wild West Show. However, he was dismissed because of his feminine voice, feminine manners and his sadistic treatment to some of the other actors. Wild Bill was slain by one of the brothers of a twelve year old victim he had killed many years previously.

Bat Masterson, whose real name was William Barclay Masterson, acquired the nickname because of his use of a walking cane, having received a bullet in the leg during a gunfight in Sweetwater over a girl. Masterson used a cane to assist him in walking. This became his club or bat. As one Dodge City inhabitant claimed, "He's better with that bat than most men are with a gun." Thereafter, he was called "Bat."

"The switchman knew by the engine's moan that the man at the throttle was Casey Jones." This old railroad ballad caught the public's imagination because of the negligence of the engineer in 1900 who was responsible for causing a train wreck. The engineer who lost his life in that train wreck was John Luther Jones from Cayce, Kentucky. He became Casey Jones and a legend. "The fireman jumped, but Casey stayed on. He was a good engineer, but he's dead and gone!"

John Henry "Doc" Holliday was actually a doctor (a dentist) from Georgia. Suffering from tuberculosis, he was advised by his family physician to go west to a drier climate in the hopes of prolonging his life for a year or so. Doc Holliday ultimately became a psychopathic drunken killer, and lived almost twenty years beyond his predicted death. Some believe he died from acute alcoholism.

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Books

Engine of Manifest Destiny

VOYAGES OF THE STEAMBOAT *YELLOW STONE. By Donald Jackson. Tichnor and Fields, 52 Vanderbilt Ave , New York, NY 10017. $16.95.*

In the spring of 1831 the *Yellow Stone* chugged from St. Louis to challenge the Missouri River. The flagship of John Jacob Astor's mighty American Fur Company, it thus inaugurated a new chapter in the history of the American frontier. Within six years the *Yellow Stone* ranged from the Missouri River to the rivers of Texas.

The vessel established the American Fur Company as a powerful monopoly on the Upper Missouri, and it was used in Texas' war for independence from Mexico. The lowly and the great were among the passengers of the *Yellow Stone*, which carried such notables as Black Hawk, artists George Catlin and Karl Bodmer, explorer Prince Maximilian, Sam Houston, and the remains of Stephen F. Austin. Indeed, as Jackson writes, this inanimate mechanism of wood, iron, and steam, the *Yellow Stone*, was a record setting pioneer, a powerful "engine of manifest destiny that seemed always to be on the cutting edge of one frontier to another."

Following the history of the *Yellow Stone*, Jackson explores several exciting episodes in Western history through a series of vividly drawn vignettes. The narrative moves from the fur trade of the Upper Missouri to the Battle of San Jacinto in Texas. Jackson notes the dangerous rigors of river travel by steamboat. He tells of such adventuresome entrepreneurs as Kenneth McKenzie and Pierre Chouteau, Jr. and of their role in western steamboating. He also recounts the daily routine aboard those vessels.

The *Yellow Stone* and its cargoes of trade goods tied the Indians of the Upper Missouri ever more closely to the economic orbit of John Jacob Astor. But, at the same time, the ship also helped preserve a written and pictorial record of the rapidly changing world of the Indian West. Two notable *Yellow Stone* alumni were artists George Catlin and Karl Bodmer, whose paintings offer a glimpse of the very world that the *Yellow Stone* so dramatically altered. Likewise the German explorer Prince Maximilian made many of his memorable written observations on the vibrating deck of the *Yellow Stone*. In the cargoes of the *Yellow Stone* and later steamboats were trade goods, but the ships also carried alcohol and smallpox which occasionally devastated Indian cultures, making the labors of Catlin, Bodmer, and Maximilian so timely.

Readers of TRUE WEST should enjoy *Voyages of the Steamboat Yellow Stone* from its first dangerous journey to its final unknown fate. Perhaps, as Jackson suggests, the *Yellow Stone* remains a ghost ship somewhere on our western rivers. After finishing the book, readers can imagine themselves at Fort Union in North Dakota or along the Brazos or San Jacinto rivers in Texas. If they listen intently they may hear the clanking, belching *Yellow Stone*, its decks populated with the ghosts of heroes and scalawags—artists, Indians, explorers, traders, trappers, and Texans—as it chugs into the history of the American West.

—Joseph C. Porter
Omaha, Nebraska

Extermination and Reintroduction of Southwest Grizzly

THE GRIZZLY IN THE SOUTHWEST. *By David E. Brown. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 1985. $19.95.*

David E. Brown has been trying at least a dozen years to have the grizzly bear reintroduced into the Southwestern United States. In his capacity as a game branch supervisor for the Arizona Game and Fish Department, he has extensively studied bears and their history in the Southwest. In this book, Brown covers the history of grizzlies in the region, their habits, and their extermination there. In so doing, he has written two books in one. One is a scientifically oriented work designed for those with a good working knowledge of bear terminology. The other is an interesting, colorful story of the grizzly in the Southwest.

The first seven chapters are stuffed with words and phrases such as "riparian environment," "cline," "estrus," and "pelage." Such sentences as "Bears, incidentally, are aged by counting the annuli of the cementum of sectioned teeth" are unexplained and serve only to slow the lay reader to whom this book should be addressed. Had Brown defined the terms, the reading would be much smoother and the knowledge more easily gained.

Also slowing the lay reader's progress are the occasional arcane charts and graphs. Brown's habit of citing sources in parenthesis after each statement is very distracting. In addition, he gives the Latin name of every animal, tree, bush, and plant after its common name. It accomplishes nothing and imparts no real information for the general reader.

The book's other main "flaw" is its use of too much quoted material. Brown seems unwilling, at least in the earlier chapters, to make his own assessments. While it is sometimes necessary to quote the original material, there comes a time when an author must digest his materials and offer his own interpretation. Brown seems content with quoting passage after passage of other people's work.

After the seventh chapter, however, the reading is easier and *The Grizzly in the Southwest* becomes another book—one that is insightful and lively. The chapters on the eradication of the griz-

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zly from the Southwest, the reasons for it and the methods used to accomplish it are enlightening. Along with short histories of a few of the more famous Southwestern bear hunters and accounts of some old-time bear hunts written long ago by the men who participated in them, they give the book its life.

Brown also shows both sides—that of the bears, and that of the ranchers who sincerely believed grizzlies were stock eaters and should be annihilated. More than a few people may be moved to support Brown's longtime goal—bringing the grizzly back into the Southwestern United States.

—John Legg
Phoenix, Arizona

Reality of the Reservation

WITH ONE SKY ABOVE US: LIFE ON AN AMERICAN INDIAN RESERVATION AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. *By M. Gidley. University of Washington Press, Seattle, WA 98105 $9.95 paperback.*

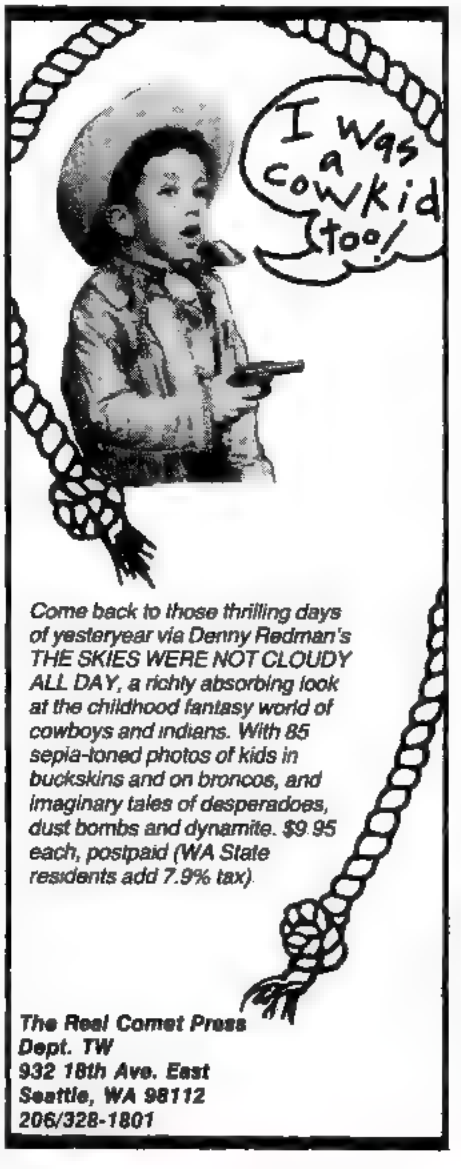
Had he not been a talented amateur photographer, Edward R. Latham would remain forever obscure. A physician, he came to the Northwest with his physician-wife in the late nineteenth century. Thereafter, Mary Latham's fortunes prospered. Active in professional organizations and noted as an authority on women's diseases, she was soon the best-known woman physician in the Northwest. Her husband's fortunes seemed to decline at a corresponding rate: he practiced medicine quietly, followed his hobby of photography, and probably drank too much. They separated, and he became physician on the Colville Reservation in northern Washington. But even there he was not an unqualified success, criticized by some, temporarily transferred, enjoying questionable relations with important Indians like Joseph, the Nez Perce chief who, Latham claimed, harbored jealousy and never liked any white man.

But Latham's superb photos of life on the Indian reservation at the turn of the century have earned him a place in history. Of the thousands he probably took, only a small number survive. Many negatives and glass plates were found in the collection of a professional photographer named Lindsley, their historical annotations unreliable and inaccurate. Many of Latham's photos were probably credited to Lindsley at the time. The remaining photographs, however, amply demonstrate that Latham planned his work carefully; he was not a randomly shooting amateur.

M. Gidley, a senior lecturer in American Literature at the University of Exeter in England, discovered the photographs while doing research at the University of Washington and authenticated them through Latham's letters and through government files. His text, which tends toward the scholarly, is clearly organized into four sections: The Reservation, which includes a description of the region's Indian-white relations during the period; The People, portraits of numerous Indians, including Joseph, many relying heavily on direct quotes; The Physician Photographer, a biographical sketch of Latham, dwelling on his years at the reservation and quoting heavily from his letters; and, The Photographs, the section which draws it all together and gives significance to Latham's work.

There are no heroics in these pictures. They portray, instead, Indians, from chiefs to small children, in everyday situations. There are stiffly posed newlyweds, gnarled old women, Indian men riding in parades, white visitors standing in front of a tipi, irresistable children, and self-conscious young men. It is a priceless collection, and Gidley has done an excellent job of providing the background needed for full appreciation of Latham's photographic contribution to our records of Indian life.

—Judy Alter
Fort Worth, TX



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REEL COWBOYS

By BILL O'NEAL

HONDO

Dozens of Louis L'Amour's novels have been made into motion picture or television Westerns. But the first of his properties purchased for the screen was a short story, "Gift of Cochise." The resulting film was a 1954 release, *Hondo*. It remains the finest cinematic treatment of a L'Amour work. L'Amour's novelization of the screenplay, *Hondo*, is by far his best book.

Hondo starred the incomparable John Wayne. The Duke created many memorable Western characterizations: The Ringo Kid in *Stagecoach* (1939); Thomas Dunson in *Red River* (1948); Captain Nathan Brittles in *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949); Ethan Edwards in *The Searchers* (1956); Sheriff John T. Chance in *Rio Bravo* (1959); Sam McCord in *North to Alaska* (1960); Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit* (1969); J.B. Books in *The Shootist* (1972). But Wayne was never in finer form than in the title role of *Hondo*. His body still was lean and he moved like a big cat, and he rumbled out his lines with virile authority: "Mrs. Lowe, I told your boy earlier not to touch the dog, but still he wanted to pet him. People learn by gettin' bit. The youngster just learned."

As Hondo Lane, Wayne was strong, rugged, resourceful. Hondo was expert with fists, rifle, sixgun, or knife. He could shoe horses, drive a wagon, ride a bucking bronc, and do anything else required of a plainsman. John Wayne made the most of the role, portraying a consummate Western hero with power and believability.

Wayne was strongly supported by an excellent cast. His friend Ward Bond was "Buffalo," a burly frontiersman who kept responding to Hondo's requests by roaring, "I was *born* ready!" Geraldine Page, a superb actress, made her screen debut as Angie Lowe. Leo Gordon played her despicable husband, Ed, and little Lee Aaker was their son. Hondo has to kill Ed Lowe, but falls in love both with Angie and the boy.

Jim Arness was effective in a small role. Michael Pate portrayed Vittorio, a dignified Apache war chief, while Rodolfo Acosta was surly and vicious as the warrior Silva. A key cast member was Hondo's canine Sam, surely the meanest war dog in screen history.

As Hondo Lane, John Wayne was rugged and resourceful, the consummate Western hero in one of his most powerful roles.

Hondo was filmed in Camargo, Mexico. Originally lensed in 3-D, the sweeping color vistas are breathtaking. The movie ran just eighty-four minutes: it was filled with strong, colorful characters, crisp dialogue, and slam-bang action. In the course of the film, Hondo fights Apaches at a water hole, drills the treacherous Ed Lowe, duels Silva with knives, and leads a cavalry detachment to victory over a war party. *Hondo* is a minor classic, a Western produced during the high-water mark of the genre, when artists of top talent regularly created high quality frontier dramas.

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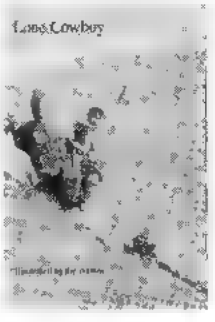

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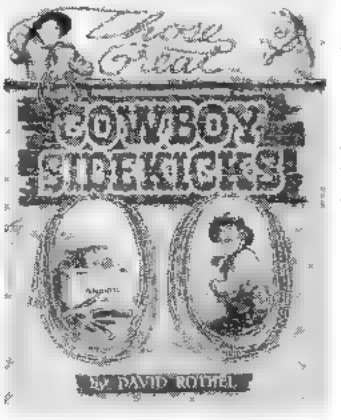

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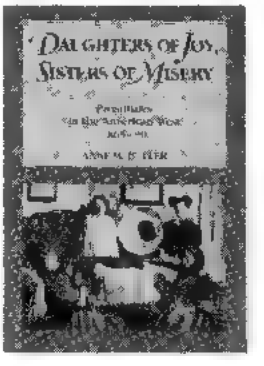

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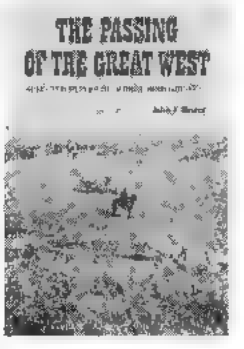

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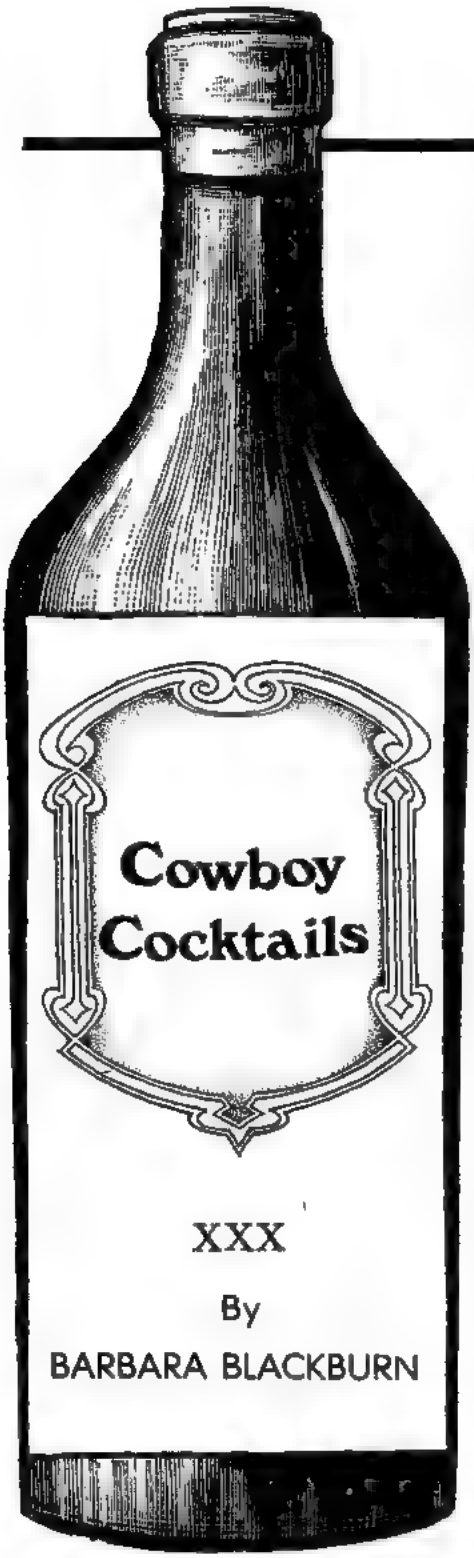

Even Clay Allison's horse refused to drink a bucket of beer...when he was offered a bucket of water with some fresh whiskey he shook his head and upset the bucket!

The saloon was all things to outlaws and lawmen—eatery, hotel, comfort station, gambling and dance hall, bordello, courtroom, social club, dueling center, sports arena, news exchange, and undertaker's parlor. Its bottled spirits wielded potent power over many lives.

Those six-gun heroes usually drank mightily. After a tumblerful of Taos Lightning, Tangleleg, or Nebraska Needle Gun, marksmanship tended to be a bit erratic. If the shootists had more "horse sense" they might have known better. Even Clay Allison's horse refused to drink a bucket of beer after a swallow or two. And when he was offered a bucket of water with some fresh whiskey he shook his head and upset the bucket!

What drinks were preferred in the notorious saloons of the Old West? Mostly rye whiskey in the near West and red likker in the far West. Ice in drinks was sissified. In most places if someone had asked for a Tom and Jerry or an old-fashioned, the bartender would have dropped dead. If the bartender did serve cocktails, he slyly disguised their poor quality with bitters and flavorings.

The first western saloon deserving a place in history was set up in 1822 by a man named Brown where the states of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah meet. Brown's Hole or Brown's Park was the site of an early rendezvous. A special dish there was roasted buffalo intestines.

Road ranches served as saloons, like the one in Kansas described by Horace Greeley as "a cabin some six by eight feet, perhaps three to five and a half feet high, large enough to contain two whiskey barrels, two decanters, boxes of sardines, but nothing of the bread kind."

The dangers of tending bar with all those gunmen around prompted the bartender to keep his revolvers "cocked and capped at all times." The saloon in Yreka, California, in 1852 was sandbagged and bullet-proofed for the proprietor's protection, and everyone inhabiting the place was armed.

The powerful drinks could provoke rowdiness—Methodist cocktails and hard-shell Baptist lemonade included. In Wichita, Kansas, Rowdy Kate and Rowdy Joe dispensed lots of rotgut, but they were able to subdue their rowdy patrons. In fact, Kate was able to drink more rotgut and still be faster on the draw than many male customers.

To refuse a drink of even the vilest whiskey was a deadly insult, fatal to the offender. "Will you drink or fight?" prompted the saloon patron to down such concoctions as Red Dynamite, Tarantula Juice, Skullbender, or White Lightning. A famous Montana drink was Shelby Lemonade, a mixture of alkali water, alcohol, tobacco juice "an' a dash of strychnine—to keep the heart going."

Cowboy cocktails were supposed to be straight rye or bourbon but often bore no resemblance to the genuine article. A White Mule was loggers' corn whiskey, while Torchlight Whiskey was really cheap gin. Tobacco, molasses, red peppers, and raw alcohol were the ingredients of a Tangle Leg.

The fancier saloons or hotel bars served drinks like the Mule Skinner, whiskey with blackberry liqueur. In Denver the sophisticated gunslinger could order a giant-sized glass filled half with porter and half with champagne. The less sophisticated could order Grizzly Bear's Milk: raw whiskey with canned milk and sugar.

When a cowboy came to town, he ordered food at the saloon, too. One patron ordered whiskey and a plate of oysters in Moraghan's Saloon in San Francisco. On impulse, he dropped a few of the oysters into the whiskey to soak. Then he spread tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and pepper over them, and the oyster cocktail was born.

Saloons often served good food. The Occidental Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona, served a Sunday dinner to tickle Doc Holliday's fastidious palate. A fifty cent multi-course dinner included such dishes as Columbia River salmon, au Beurre Noir, Filet au Boeuf, a la Financier, Casserole d'Ritz aux Oeufs, a la Chinoise, suckling pig, and English plum pudding with lemon flavored hard sauce.

TRUE WEST Recipe for January

Call them mountain or prairie oysters or calf fries—they are all cowboy names for the testicles of bull calves. Although John Norwood, 5494 Estes Court, Arvada, CO 80002, prefers lamb oysters, dipped in a batter and dropped in bubbling fat, his recipe uses the organs of a male bovine.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTERS

1–2 lbs. calf fries, washed
seasoned flour
enough lard to float the oysters

Soak the oysters in salted water about an hour. Drain and dry. Cut off the tips and peel the skin. If oysters are large, slit lengthwise. Roll in seasoned flour. Gently fry at a low heat in a heavy cast iron skillet. Flip over to get a golden brown color. Cook until they are well done and crisp.

Western Publications will pay $5 for each original recipe published. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830–1910). Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications cookery specialist, will judge recipes according to interest, preparation ease, originality, and authenticity. Send to Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

To encourage a big thirst, the saloon keepers often served tasty, salty tidbits like pretzels, smoked herring, salted peanuts, peppery sausages, potato chips, dill pickles, and sardines. At the saloons gunfighters and lawmen alike could get a "free lunch." For a nickle they could get a beer with a sandwich and some pretzels. Dried herring or "blind robbin" waited on fly-specked plates morning, noon, and night.

To assuage a New Years thirst the saloon might serve a powerful eggnog punch. Punch as a drink came from the Indian word "panch" meaning "five." Seamen in the 1600s drank "panch" made from five ingredients: tea, water, arrack, sugar, and lemon. Arrack was replaced with rum in the 1700s. The old-fashioned egg nog came from the name *noggin*, a small mug used at table while tankards were served at fireside. You can toast the New Year with a noggin of punch.

RECIPES

EGGNOG PUNCH

- 6 eggs, separated
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup rum
- ½ cup whiskey
- 1 pint rich milk
- ½ pint whipping cream
- freshly grated nutmeg

Separately beat the whites and yolks. Add sugar to yolks. Place the egg yolk and sugar mixture in a large punch bowl, and add the rum, whiskey, milk, and cream. Fold in the egg whites and top with nutmeg.

PICKLED FISH

For a tray of tasty tidbits serve this pickled fish. For especially good luck in the New Year, use herring.

- 6 cups fish, cut in bite-size pieces
- strong salt solution of equal amounts salt and water
- white vinegar for soaking plus 1 cup for marinade
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon mixed pickling spices
- 1 large white onion

Soak fish in the salt solution for 48 hours. Rinse and soak in vinegar for 48 hours. Drain. Then mix the sugar, additional vinegar, and spices. Thinly slice 1 onion and add to the mixture. Pour mixture over the fish. If you need to add more vinegar to cover the fish, add proportional amounts of sugar and spices.

Let stand at least 2 weeks before serving; one month is better. Shake and stir every couple of days.

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Shanghai's Legacy

By MIKE BLAKELY

With the long-legged strut of a Shanghai rooster he stepped onto the pier at Indianola, Texas. His net worth as a gangling, nineteen-year-old stowaway totaled seventy-five cents that summer in 1853. Abel Head "Shanghai" Pierce had nothing going for him. He had no wealth, no cattle, no horses and, worst of all, he hailed from the puniest state in Yankeedom. Who could have predicted that Pierce would one day claim "nearly all the cattle in Christendom"; that he would declare himself "the best cowman in Texas"; that the greenhorn Yankee nicknamed for a rooster would one day be cock of the walk on the Texas Coast?

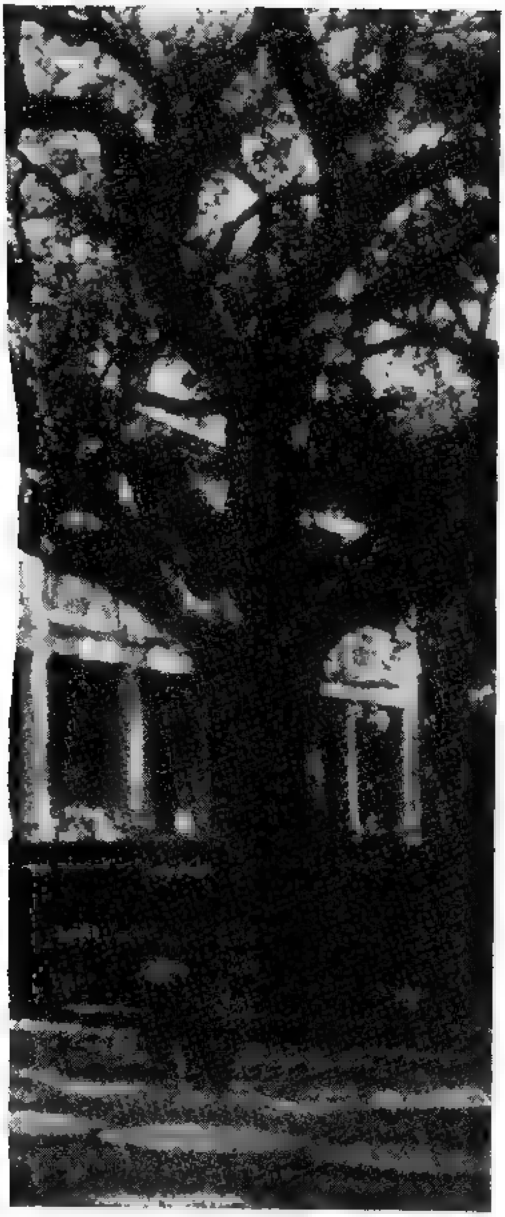
Shanghai's first employer, Bing Grimes, put the lowly Yank to work splitting rails for a stake and rider fence, not even allowing him to eat breakfast before trudging off to the timber each morning.

Shanghai finally got to straddle a horse only because he was worth less to Bing Grimes than a black slave. Bing's wife was enraged when she saw that her husband had a $1,800 slave saddle-breaking young ponies. She demanded that Pierce take over such dangerous chores. After all, he was just "Yankee white trash."

Once Shanghai was astride a horse, his true worth as a cowboy became evident. Wild cattle ranged through the brush of Coastal Texas in those days. They belonged to the first man who could put a rope and a brand on them. Within two years, Shanghai became an expert at capturing mavericks for his boss. In 1855, Grimes ordered Pierce to shape up his first trail drive to New Orleans. "There is not a man in the United States can beat me on a ranch," Shanghai would later boast.

Such horsemanship and range savvy didn't come naturally to all young men in Texas. Shanghai's brother Jonathan also came to Texas and went to work for Bing Grimes. After one fall from a pitching horse, Jonathan swore to refrain from horseback riding "forevermore." Grimes employed him as a bookkeeper.

During the Civil War the Pierce brothers joined a volunteer Confederate unit and Shanghai was made company butcher. The designation gave him more practice running down mavericks in the thick brush, roping them, and hauling



Courtesy of the author

them into camp for supper.

When the Pierce brothers went to war, Shanghai left $500 with Bing Grimes for safekeeping. Upon his return, the smug employer paid Shanghai with worthless Confederate currency. Grimes boasted he was simply "teaching a Yankee the cow business." He would find out how long Shanghai could hold a grudge.

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR the Pierce brothers married sisters, Fanny and Nannie Lacy. Putting Shanghai's mavericking skills to work and taking charge of some Lacy land near the present-day town of Blessing, Texas, the enterprising brothers formed the A.H. and J.E. Pierce Cattle Company. Thirty-five miles of Cherokee Rose Hedge fence enclosed the spread, which they called "Rancho Grande."

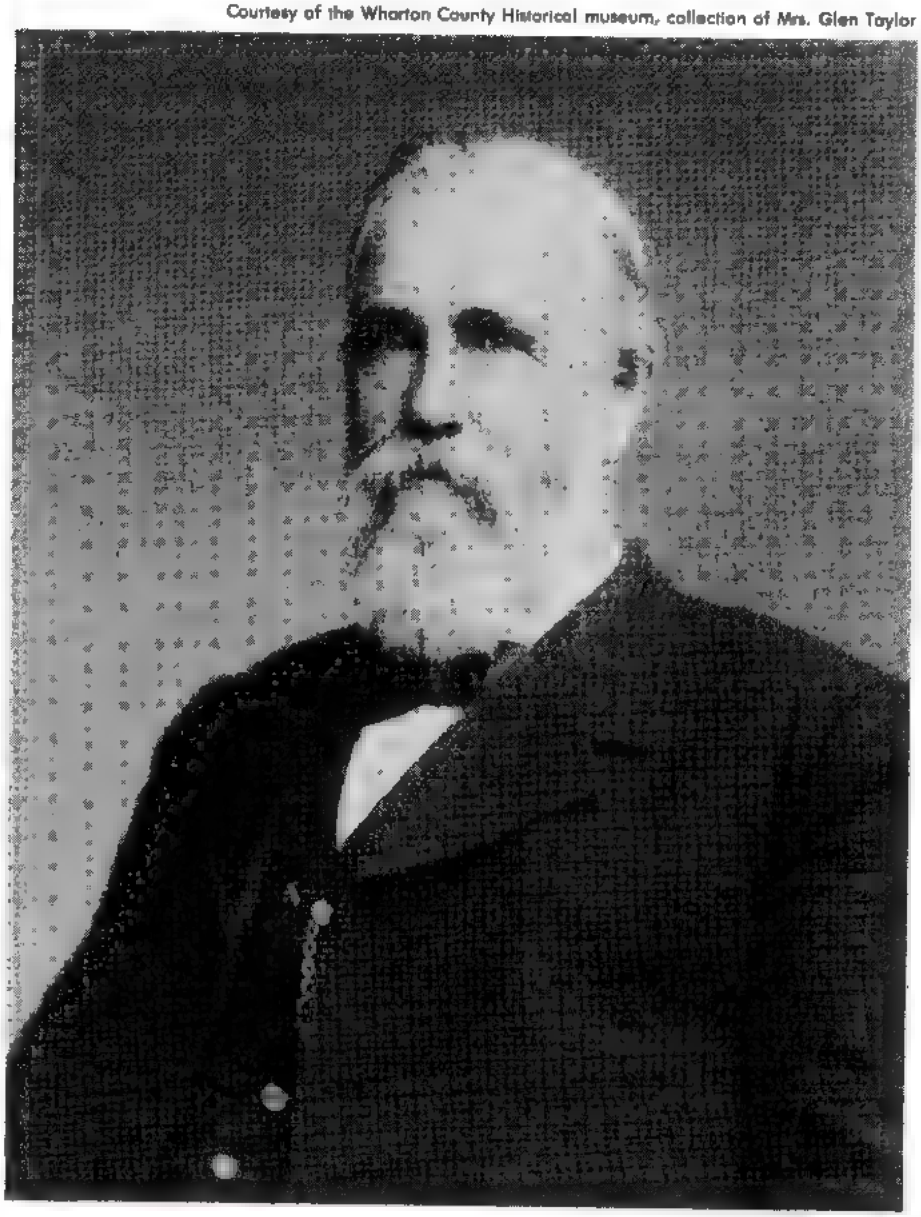
The war had allowed the maverick herd to explode on the Texas Coast as few men were handy to brand the wild longhorns. Shanghai built a sizable herd from mossy-horned mavericks and set his sights on owning more land than most ranchers cared to see. Enticing some ranch hands away from Bing Grimes to take over the mavericking chores, Shanghai turned his energies to wheeling and dealing for South Texas cattle and land partnerships. Shanghai's six-foot, five-inch frame was matched with an equally excessive, booming voice. His lawyer, Fred C. Proctor, once said that being in "Old Shang's" company was like "being in the most conspicuous part of a Barnum and Bailey circus parade." Even Shanghai agreed that his voice was "too loud for indoor use."

His loud talk and profane wit made him a favorite at South Texas cow camps. Accompanied by his black body servant, Neptune Holmes, he stopped at various camps sometimes buying two or three hundred head of cattle at a time. "Old Nep" rode a mule loaded with bags of gold and silver to pay for the cattle on the spot.

One of Shanghai's ranch hands, Charles Siringo, tells of his months working for the Pierce brothers in his book, *A Texas Cowboy*. "Some days we would brand as high as three or four hundred mavericks." Shanghai in-

Left: Shanghai built the Pierce Ranch house in 1884 to rival the Tremont Hotel in Galveston where his second wife, Hattie, insisted on staying after their honeymoon. Below: The story of Abel Head "Shanghai" Pierce is the ultimate rags to riches tale of a greenhorn Yankee becoming king of a Texas cattle empire.

Courtesy of the Wharton County Historical museum, collection of Mrs. Glen Taylor



structed hands such as Siringo to brand any unmarked cattle—even calves nursing on other ranchers' branded cows. Siringo stayed with the Pierce brothers until they sold the Rancho Grande herd in 1871 for $110,000. Wrote Siringo, "That shows what could be done in those days with no capital, but with lots of cheek and a branding iron."

Pierce's daughter, "Miss Mammie" was born in 1867, but he was particularly elated with the birth of Abel, Jr., three years later. But Shanghai's first and only son died at the age of only five weeks. The infant's mother, Fanny Lacy Pierce, also died four months later, probably from complications of the birth.

According to author Joe Tom Davis, Pierce had a mean streak that was soon to surface. Davis devotes a chapter to Pierce in *Legendary Texians*. "I think Pierce really had a vicious streak in him. Particularly after his little boy died, I think it did sort of bring out the base, mean nature in him."

Shanghai became a terror on the Chisolm Trail, which he rode from 1867 to 1884. On one trip to Kansas, he went out of his way to wreck a Missouri farm town opposed to drovers and herds. Seeing signs that declared a ten-mile-per-hour speed limit in the town, Shanghai delighted in driving thousands of longhorns through the streets at the designated pace.

He took to swindling inexperienced ranchers, too. Once, wrote Siringo, Shanghai sold 1,100 wild maverick cattle to a neophyte cowman from Kansas. Some of the cattle had their eyelids sewn together so they would trail only by sound and appear docile. But the threads rotted on the drive to Kansas and the herd stampeded long before reaching the Red River. Some of the mavericks returned to their home range and Shanghai resold them.

PIERCE'S MOST INFAMOUS deed, says Davis, was "just plain old murder, there's no doubt about it." In the summer of 1871, Shanghai hired three Lunn brothers to maverick for him on Carancahua Bay. One of Shang's ranch hands caught the brothers killing some Pierce cattle for their hides and tallow. When Shanghai found out, he led a vigilante lynch mob of seventy-five men to capture the Lunns and two accomplices. When Shanghai found a load of 450

Courtesy of the Wharton County Historical Museum, collection of Louis F. Worthing

Courtesy of the author

Above: One of the few buildings left standing at Pierce, Texas, from Shanghai's time was a church he had built in 1894 on the site of his proposed community, "Pierce City." Left: Built in 1894, Shanghai's three-story, twenty-two-room hotel served as a well-known landmark until it was razed in 1980. Local tradition says Shanghai designed the gazebo on top so he could gaze upon his vast land holdings.

hides with his brand on them, he ordered all five offenders to be hanged from the nearest tree.

Shanghai dodged a subpoena to testify on the Lunn incident, sold his herds and fled to Kansas City where he would buy and sell cattle for the next eighteen months. There, among his cattle-dealing cronies, he proclaimed himself "the best cowman in Texas today" and avowed, "I'm Webster on cattle, by God, sir."

More trouble from the Lunn hangings came in the person of the young Texas gunslinger John Wesley Hardin, who had recently left a bloody trail of six bodies behind him from Texas to Kansas. Hardin had fought with the Lunn brothers in a range war in Texas and had heard of their deaths at the end of Shanghai's rope. Shanghai heard Hardin was after him and managed to elude him. Pierce was often accused of talking loud but backing down from a fight. He admitted that he avoided action in the Civil War and once jumped through a cafe window in Austin to escape confrontation with a gun-toting ex-marshal whom Shanghai had probably swindled in a swap of some kind.

In fact, Old Shang habitually went unarmed with one notable exception. On the witness stand during one of Shang's many lawsuits he had called Colonel George Miller of the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma "the biggest liar on the North American continent, and not only the biggest liar but the biggest thief and a son-of-a-bitch." Miller threatened to kill Shanghai if he ever passed through 101 territory again. So on his next trip through Oklahoma, Shanghai carried a shotgun across his lap. When Miller attempted to board Shang's Pullman car at a whistle stop, Shanghai sent a blast of buckshot through the ceiling—much to the distress of the other passengers. Miller decided not to honor his earlier vow.

The Lunn hangings evidence Shanghai's tendency to have bands of ruffians do his dirty work for him. In another incident, Shanghai wanted the cottonwood trees around the Wharton

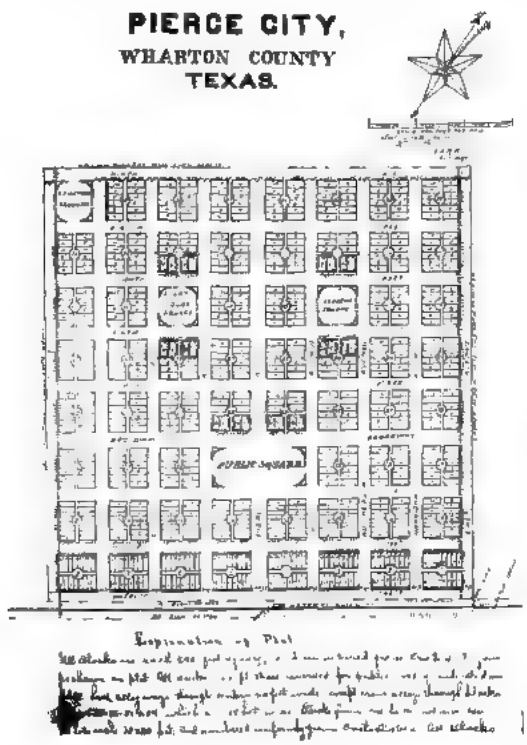
County, Texas, Courthouse replaced with pecan trees. When normal legislative procedures failed to accomplish his wishes, he sent his boys to town with axes and pecan saplings to expedite the transplanting operation.

As Shanghai gained land and cattle, he became increasingly intent on having his way whenever he pleased. J. Frank Dobie wrote "he'd as soon bribe a judge as tip a waiter." According to Louis Atherton, author of *The Cattle Kings*, Shanghai spontaneously bought half-interest in a hotel in Hot Springs because he couldn't get a reservation there. At another hotel in Dodge City, Shanghai declared loudly, "No, I'll not ship any more cattle to your town. Why, I can get a room right here in the heart of your city, with a nice clean bed, plenty of soap, water and towels, and occupy it for twenty-four hours for two bits. And your stockyards, way out past the edge of town, want to charge me twenty cents a head and let my steers stand out in the weather. No, I'll not ship any more cattle to your town."

By 1873 Shanghai had returned to Texas with designs on broadening his empire. To appease his new bride, Hattie James, Shanghai bought 200,000 acres of public range land and in 1884 built the plantation style home that exists today in its original grandeur on the Pierce ranch.

In buying up so much public land and enclosing smaller ranches or denying them access to graze their herds on his newly acquired real estate, Shang made more enemies. One such unfortunate rancher was Bing Grimes, Shang's old employer and antagonist. He was forced to relocate his herd to the Indian Territory north of Texas known as no-man's land. After Grimes' expulsion, Shanghai remarked that "all accounts are squared."

In a show of arrogance, Shanghai set up a town near his new home and named it Pierce City. The town never prospered but Shanghai introduced religion to his faltering community when he paid for two boxcarloads of lumber to construct a church. Later, when asked if he belonged to the church, Shanghai answered, "Hell, no! The church belongs to me!"



Shanghai hired surveyor S.M. Farr to plot this map of the proposed "Pierce City" in 1894. Shanghai envisioned a burgeoning community and a county seat, but the town never grew

Courtesy of the Wharton County Historical Museum, collection of Annie Lee Williams

After Shanghai's four-month trip to Europe, his exposure to the statuary of that continent prompted him to call for a German sculptor from San Antonio. He wanted a "fair likeness' of himself that would stand higher than any statue of any Confederate general. He agreed to pay $2,250 for the project if it met his specifications. When the statue was delivered by rail, Shang would trust none other to approve his stone visage than his faithful servant of thirty-five years, "Old Nep."

The story of Neptune's assessment has various versions in Pierce territory to this day. One popular account says that Shanghai asked Neptune to come with him to the railroad station for an undisclosed purpose. They stood beside the tracks as the statue was unloaded and unveiled without ceremony. Old Neptune grew wide-eyed and said, "Mr. Shanghai, that's you!" Only then would Shanghai agree to pay the sculptor's expenses.

Legends paint Shanghai as a greedy, land-grabbing czar. But some facts indicate he was not without benevolence.

When the great Galveston hurricane wrecked the Texas Coast in 1900, Shanghai donated $80,000 for the relief of Wharton County residents even though he lost $1,250,000 that year. He also held a life-long respect for a woman who had shown him kindness as a tenderfoot day laborer. The "Widow" Ward had fed young Pierce flapjacks every morning when he was splitting rails for Bing Grimes. Shanghai announced to all listening ears that "she was a mother to us all" when he received the sad news of her death in Caldwell, Kansas.

The Widow's son, "Uncle Ben" Ward once came to Shanghai's lawyer, Fred C. Proctor, looking to borrow $90,000. Proctor handled most of the Pierce negotiations because, as Shanghai put it, "when a man owns a dog, there is no use for him to do the barking himself." Proctor wouldn't let Ward have the loan so Uncle Ben went straight to Shanghai himself. A few days later, Proctor received a telegram saying, "Let Uncle Ben have the ninety thousand. His mother used to give me flapjacks."

FURTHER TO HIS credit, Shanghai Pierce was an astute cowman and an innovator in his industry. He exhibited great resourcefulness in finding a practical trail route through the swamps to New Orleans—he said his longhorns had looped their horns in grapevines and swung from one cypress tree to another. One of the first drovers to use the fabled Chisholm Trail, he was also among the first to abandon it when railroads became the mode of the times. He took the lead again in fencing huge pastures with barbed wire when open-range sentiments still prevailed.

A studious cattleman, Shanghai was among the first to connect the bovine disease, Texas Fever, with its source of flies and ticks. He also noticed that Brahman cattle from India were virtually insect-free. All Texans who know the hump-backed cattle as "Bremmers" owe that colloquialism to Shanghai himself. He aspired to travel to India to bring back a breeding stock of Brahmans. That dream was realized by his nephew, A.P. Borden, six years after Shanghai's death. Borden's thirty-three head of Indian cattle founded the Brahman cattle

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Courtesy of the author

In 1891, Shanghai commissioned a San Antonio sculptor to produce this "fair likeness" of himself. The statue now serves as his tombstone at the Blessing Cemetery, Blessing, Texas.

industry in the United States.

Perhaps the most fitting reminders of Pierce himself are the legends swapped in parlours and barrooms of the sprawling region under his influence. In history his name lacks the notoriety of other Texas ranching moguls such as Goodnight and King, but from Wharton to Matagorda—and a bit beyond in every direction—his name enjoys household status among the native folk. The legends are his true legacy—shared not only by his descendants but by all who care to glorify—or vilify—his doings, both real and imagined.

Shanghai Pierce failed to survive one full year of the twentieth century. He died of a brain hemorrhage the day after Christmas, 1900, at age sixty-seven. He had complained of headaches for months. Would there be a heaven for the likes of Shanghai Pierce and his roughshod contemporaries? "I doubt it," he once said, "I don't see why the Good Lord would voluntarily take upon himself the immense task of cutting back so many culls."

January 1986

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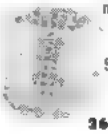

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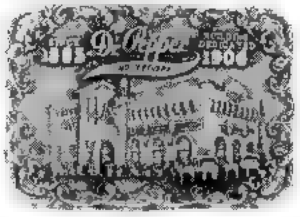

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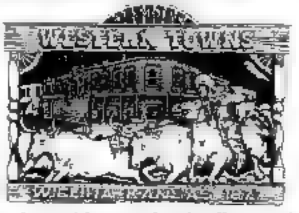

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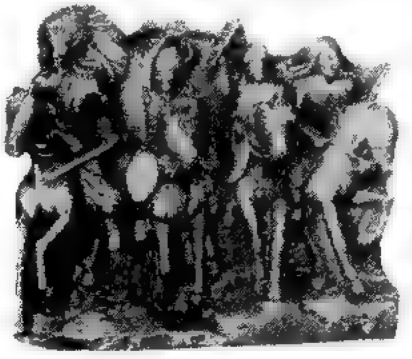

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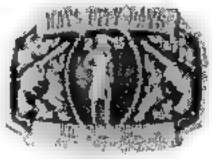

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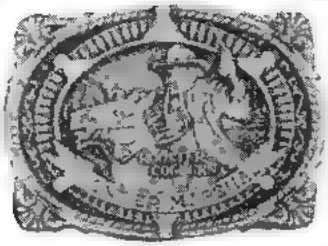

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N. O. L. A.

Rendezvous in Sparks, Nevada

By CHUCK PARSONS

Photographs Courtesy of Allen Blackburn

—It was C.L. Sonnichsen "preaching" on how to hunt down feudists . . .

—It was Ed Masterson defending the law in Dodge City, Kansas.

—It was TRUE WEST columnist Bill O'Neal, telling a spell-bound audience of Texas' bloody Horrell-Higgins feud . . .

—It was Ed Kirby reliving his search for Bill Miner, the "Gray Fox" holdup artist . . .

It was all this and more as several hundred Old West outlaw-lawman enthusiasts gathered at the Nugget Hotel-Casino in Sparks, Nevada, for the Twelfth Annual Rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History (NOLA).

Dr. C.L. Sonnichsen, whose books and articles deal with feuds, outlaws, the Apache, and the Southwest, was keynote speaker. He gave a fascinating talk on his adventures researching Texas feuds of the nineteenth century entitled "Too Hot to Handle: How to Research Feuds and Fusses Without Getting Shot." As all who know Doc would expect, his message—based on his years of research which resulted in the classic *I'll Die Before I'll Run: The Story of the Great Feuds of Texas*, was serious yet humorous. His "Rules for Feud Hunting—How Not to Get Shot or Sued" should be a guide for everyone who inquires into old feuds:

1. Arrange to have an honest face!
2. Keep your hands in sight!
3. Get both sides of the story! (There may be a third side as well)
4. Make friends with your sources!
5. Hang in there! Keep trying!
6. Don't be afraid of a lawsuit! (But

TRUE WEST columnists who attended the rendezvous are, left to right, Bill O'Neal, Barbara Blackburn, and Chuck Parsons. O'Neal's columns also appear in OLD WEST Magazine.

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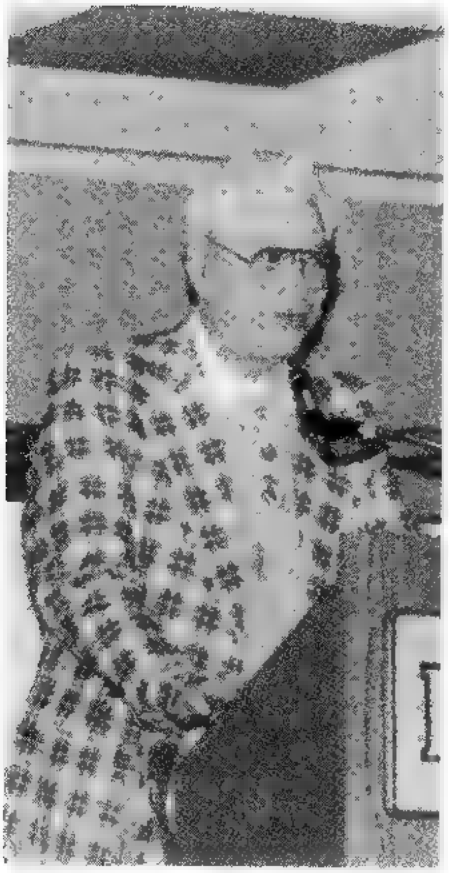


Monte Hale, left, was a special guest at the NOLA banquet and awards presentation presided over by Ed Kirby. Lenore Conway and Jim Dullenty presented the awards. Phillip I. Earl spoke on "Informal Justice."

C.L. Sonnichsen prepares to defend his arguments with Tucson educator Udean Fellows, back to camera. Mrs. Sonnichsen, left, looks on.

be careful)

7. Clear your material before publishing!
8. Don't let the folklore scare you away! (Such as the harried feud-historian being ridden out of town on a rail. .)
9. Believe in miracles (That your work will get published)
10. Don't go hunting feuds!

Although Sonnichsen's publications have dealt mainly with the feuds of Texas his "Rules and Guidelines" are appropriate for any western state.

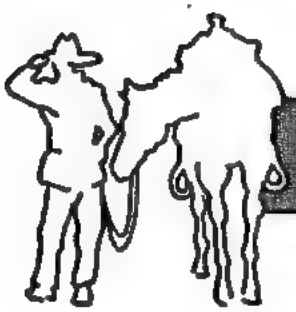
Several talks centered appropriately on the outlaw-lawman history of Nevada. Vlad Shkurkin, map and document specialist, discussed his research with "The Tuscarora Connection"; Lee Berk analyzed various characters in "Nevada Lawmen & Outlaws"; Marshal Fey presented "History of the Slot Machine and Its Involvement With the Law."

A special highlight was the re-enactment of the shooting of Dodge City, Kansas, lawman Ed Masterson, brother of the famed Bat by "Gunfighters of the Old West." Directed by Hank Clark, of Niles, California, the group strives for accuracy in dress, weapons, and language. A second highlight was a bus trip to that historic Storey County, Nevada, town, Virginia City.

The rendezvous was capped off with the traditional banquet, at which many members were dressed in traditional lawman, outlaw, or saloon girl garb. The new NOLA President, Ed Kirby, appeared in professional gambler attire and a tin-star pinned to his lapels. No notches could be discerned on the butts of his six-guns! Monte Hale, "old time" cowboy actor, was a special guest.

In coming months NOLA will work to preserve the Old Clanton Ranch in Arizona. The ruins are slowly being worn away by the elements. It was no doubt at the Clanton ranch that the McLowery and Clanton brothers determined they would have to defy with guns the Earp brothers of Tombstone. They met at what is known as "The Battle of the O.K. Corral" in 1881. Sue C. Van Slyke is project director.

NOLA provides two publications for members. The NOLA *Quarterly* is devoted to articles by members dealing with outlaws and lawmen. The *Newsletter*, also published quarterly, contains brief articles, book reviews, and news of members and the association. Details about membership or news of the Association may be obtained from Jim Dullenty, P.O. Box 858, Hamilton, Montana 59840.



Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

Discovered Gold and Murdered For It

I would like to hear from anyone having information about my great-great-grandfather, Vincent Ferrell, who was born about 1815. He was listed on the Habersham, Georgia, 1840 census, then reportedly moved to Gilmer County, Georgia, where it is a matter of record he discovered gold at White Path, Georgia, near Ellijay, causing the second gold rush of Georgia, in 1842-43. He then disappeared, but we think he went west in 1849, discovered gold the second time, and was found dead of mysterious causes. A family legend maintains he was murdered for his gold claim.—**D.E. Ferrell, P.O. Box 462, Clearwater, SC 29822.**

Daly

I would like to get in touch with descendants of Edward Henry Daly, born in 1859, in Kansas, and died in 1902, in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and Robert Francis Daly, born in 1864, in Kansas. Their parents, my great-grandparents, were Robert and Mary Josephine (Conway) Daly.—**Velva Hall, 410 N. State, Yates Center, KS 66783.**

Truitt-Daugherty-Cherry Teasley-Parker-Morse

I am searching for relatives of my great-grandparents, Samuel B. and Celestia Ann (Truitt) Daugherty. He was born in Missouri or Pennsylvania in 1860. They lived in the Oklahoma and Arkansas area in 1890. They are both buried in West Line Arkansas Cemetery.

I am also searching for relatives of my great-great-grandparents, Thomas and Sophia M. (Cherry) Teasley, William C. and Evilina Parker, and Mastin and Sarah Morse. The Parkers and Morses are from Mississippi. I would like to hear from anyone who has information on any of these people. I will pass on any information I have.—**Lois Ferguson, 1042 Adams, Kermit, TX 79745.**

Thornton

I am looking for descendants of James and Melissa (Dowden) Quillen Thornton. James, the son of Thomas Benton and Mahala (Harper) Thornton, was born November 27, 1835, in Washington Court House, Ohio. He married Melissa Quillen and moved several times, settling near Wakita, Oklahoma. Melissa died April 11, 1922, and is buried in Medford, Oklahoma. James died December, 1926, and is buried in Wakita, Oklahoma. To this union were born: Anna Marie, born in 1871 or '72; Thomas Fayette, born in 1873; William; Ollie, born in 1875; Eleanor (or Nora), born in 1877; Alga, born in 1881; Ethel May, born in 1884; and Grace, who died in infancy.

Anna Marie married Clyde Sharp and had five children, including Jean (Sharp) Johnston. Thomas Fayette's children were Hattie, who lived in Little Rock, Arkansas, and Bert, who lived in Wichita, Kansas. Ollie lived in Anthony and Harper, Kansas, and had ten children. Eleanor married Luther Sparr and lived in Oakland, California. They had a son, Harold. Alga married Guy Bennett and had three children. They lived in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Ethel May died in 1902 and was buried in Medford, Oklahoma.—**Opal Thornton Mendenhall, 20458 Plymire Road, Red Bluff, CA 96080.**

Cole-Pearson-Pierson

I am looking for information on my great-grandparents, Martin Cole, born October 16, 1847, and Jessie A. Pearson (Pierson), born September 28, 1850. They were married in Falls County, Texas, on November 18, 1875. Their children were, W.W., Charles Camp (my grandfather), Elen, and Bessie. I would like to know who my great-great-grandparents were and where my great-grandparents were born. They homesteaded in what is now Washita County, Oklahoma. I would like to know where they are buried.—**J.D. Kirtley, 2082 Little Cedar Drive, Kingwood, TX 77339.**

Payne

I would like to receive information on David L. Payne, the leader of the "Boomers" of Oklahoma, his ancestors, and descendants. I have recently acquired some old family photos, one of which is David L. Payne. I have reason to believe he is connected in some way to the Estes side of my family. Payne

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer, please do not write to us.

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was born in Grant County, Indiana, in 1836. He volunteered for service in the Civil War, and was inducted into the 4th Regiment of Kansas Volunteers, which consolidated with the 3rd Infantry. Later these two companies were formed into the 10th Regiment. He was elected to the Legislature of Kansas in 1864, and served as Captain of Company H, 19th Kansas Cavalry in 1868–69. His mother was a cousin of David Crockett, for whom he was named. He died in Wellington, Kansas, on November 28, 1884.—**Shelly Darby, HCR Box 1484, Lucerne Valley, CA 92356.**

Ward-Harrison-Doss-Willis

I would like information on the father of my Great-grandmother Mary Elizabeth (Harrison) Ward, wife of James Wesley Ward. It is believed he was a Confederate scout. I would also like to know the connection of Ward, Harrison, Doss, and Willis lineage.—**Elmer Lee Ward, Jr., Route 3, Box 85, Colorado City, TX 79512.**

Nemeth

I am looking for information on my mother, Grace Elizabeth Nemeth. She was born February 28, 1900, in Budapest, Hungary. She came with her father, mother, and ten sisters and brothers to America in 1903 from Budapest via Hamburg, Germany. Their boat landed at Ellis Island, New York. From there they went to Adena, Ohio. At the age of nine, Grace left home to live with and work for Mrs. Hostetter of Evansville, Indiana. When the Hostetters moved to California, they took Grace with them. They bought a home on Ogden Drive, near Fairfax, Hollywood. Grace lived and worked there until her marriage to Frank Anthony Plebanek January 17, 1923.

Grace died in Los Angeles, California, on December 10, 1982.—**Eleanor M. Bennett, 14529 Clarkdale Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650.**

Stiles

I am researching the Stiles branch of my family and have read stories about William Stiles riding with the James brothers. He was killed in Northfield when they robbed the bank there. I can't remember if his parents were ever mentioned. I would like to know who they were. I believe he was my distant cousin.—**Connie Watkins, 6901 S.E. 14 -140, Des Moines, IA 50320.**

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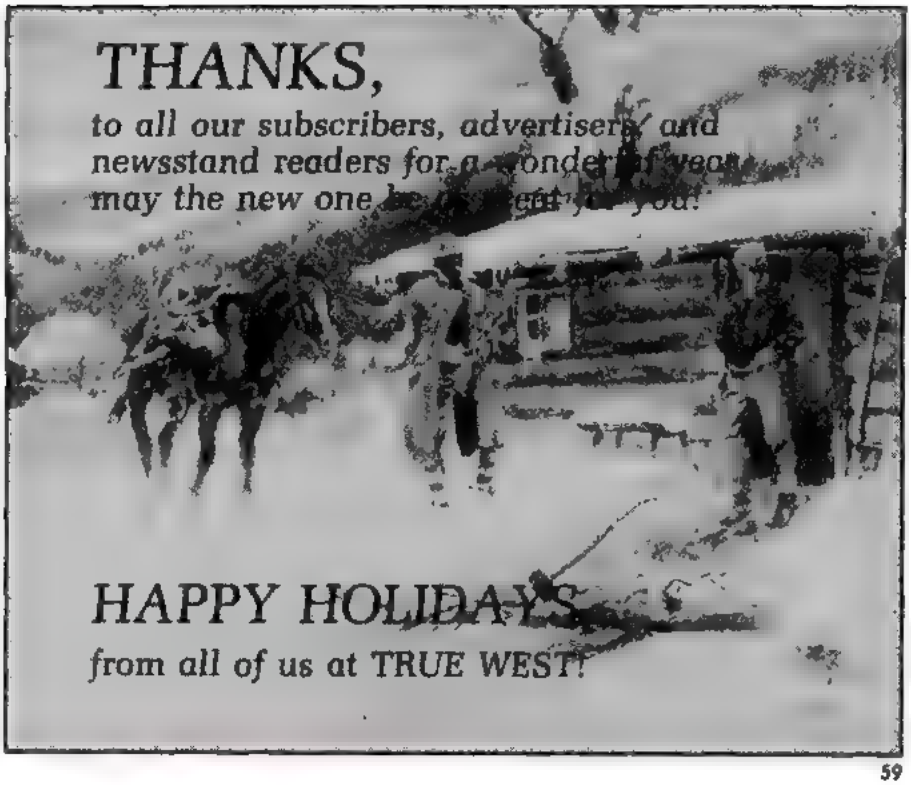
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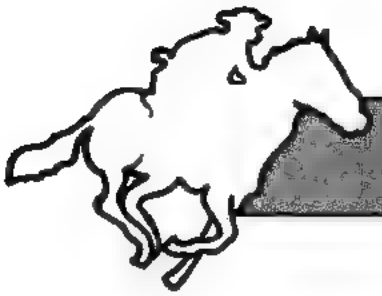

Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era

Abduction at Athol

By CECIL M. TENNEY

As told to ARLENE SHOVALD

The depot at Athol, Wyoming, just over the Wyoming-Colorado border, was my home when I was a youngster of five or six years. That was about 1906, and Dad was the station agent at Athol, taking care of all the duties—putting out the red board to stop the train if a passenger wanted to board, operating the post office, operating the night telegraph, putting the train orders on the hoop for the engineer to snag and getting the mail bag ready for the mail clerk to snare as the train passed the depot.

Athol was the best job on the line, and Dad enjoyed his work. A helper engine was kept there to help the freights up Athol Hill after they left Carr, another small town on the Colorado plains, about twenty miles down the track from us.

I enjoyed life at the depot. There was always something going on. And the depot was always filled with the good smells of hot coffee from the big enamel pot on the cook stove in the kitchen, off the telegraph office. There were always fresh baked cookies and pies, too, that my mother kept ready for the train men, day and night. It was no wonder they called her the Belle of Athol.

Mother didn't get paid for her cooking, but in exchange the train crews brought us groceries: flour, salt, sugar, and just about everything we needed. And at different times of the year, when they were in season, we got potatoes and peaches and other fresh vegetables and fruit, and sometimes even watermelon. I suspect the train crew snitched them, but what did it matter?

Another benefit of Dad's job as station agent was that we could ride the train free to Cheyenne or to Carr, and that was really an adventure, since we didn't often get to leave home. I enjoyed the rattle and the clatter of the train as it sped along the tracks and, especially, I enjoyed the whistle when the engineer let go, warning animals or whatever might be in our way that we were coming.

In those days, the large cattle and sheep ranchers who had already settled in the area, didn't like the homesteaders coming in. They did everything to stop them—stole their horses and cows, burned their buildings and the prairie around them.

The homesteaders often built houses of sod from the prairie, cutting the sod into blocks, like brick, only larger and thicker. Those houses, though they didn't look like much, were sturdy and comfortable and were cool in summer and warm in winter.

In one incident related to me years later by a Mr. Griffon, who was the depot agent at Carr about the time my Dad was agent at Athol, two brothers who were homesteading were sitting at the kitchen table after having a late supper in their two room sod house. The window was open and someone fired a shot. One of the brothers was hit in the chest and fell, striking the table. The lamp fell to the floor, plunging the room into darkness, and the other brother managed to get to his rifle and open fire on the men outside.

The gunmen rode off then, but their message was clear. They didn't want any homesteaders around there.

Dad, of course, was aware of the problems with the ranchers and the homesteaders, but he tried to avoid getting involved and stuck to his business at the depot. One night, though, he couldn't help but become involved.

I was out back of the depot, playing, when a man rode up to the hitching post. I realized at once he must have ridden his horse very hard because its sides were covered with foam.

The man dismounted and went inside. Amazed at the foam on the horse, I scraped some of it off and followed the man inside to show it to my dad. But something told me not to interrupt. The man was talking to Dad and he seemed very excited.

As I watched from the doorway, he handed Dad a letter, asking him to stop the train. It was already coming down the track, its steam making a cloud against the red evening sky.

I heard the man tell Dad the government had sent him to look into the disappearance of another man who had been sent to investigate the murder of homesteaders in the area.

"They're after me now," he told Dad. "I need to get on the train and I need you to get this letter mailed for me."

Dad was getting the train orders ready and he put the letter on the engineer's hoop, writing on it, "Hide and mail in Denver."

Dad threw the red board to stop the train so the man could board and then Dad went up and handed the train orders to the engineer as the engine scraped to a halt.

The man hurried on the train just as a bunch of men rode up to the depot.

Things started happening pretty fast then. One of the men pulled a gun and went to the engine, holding the gun on the engineer and fireman.

The conductor tried to stop the men from boarding the train, but he was helpless against the bunch of them. They just shoved him aside and went on board and took the man off the train. As I watched, they tied a rope around him several times.

"What are you going to do with him?" I heard Dad ask. "Do you want me to call the sheriff at Cheyenne?"

"He's a horse thief," one of the men said. "We don't need the sheriff. We're going to hang him from the first tree we come to."

That was when they began searching the man for a letter, but they couldn't find one. I realized it was the letter my dad had put on the train, but I just hung back, with my mother, and didn't say a word.

The mail bag for the day was already

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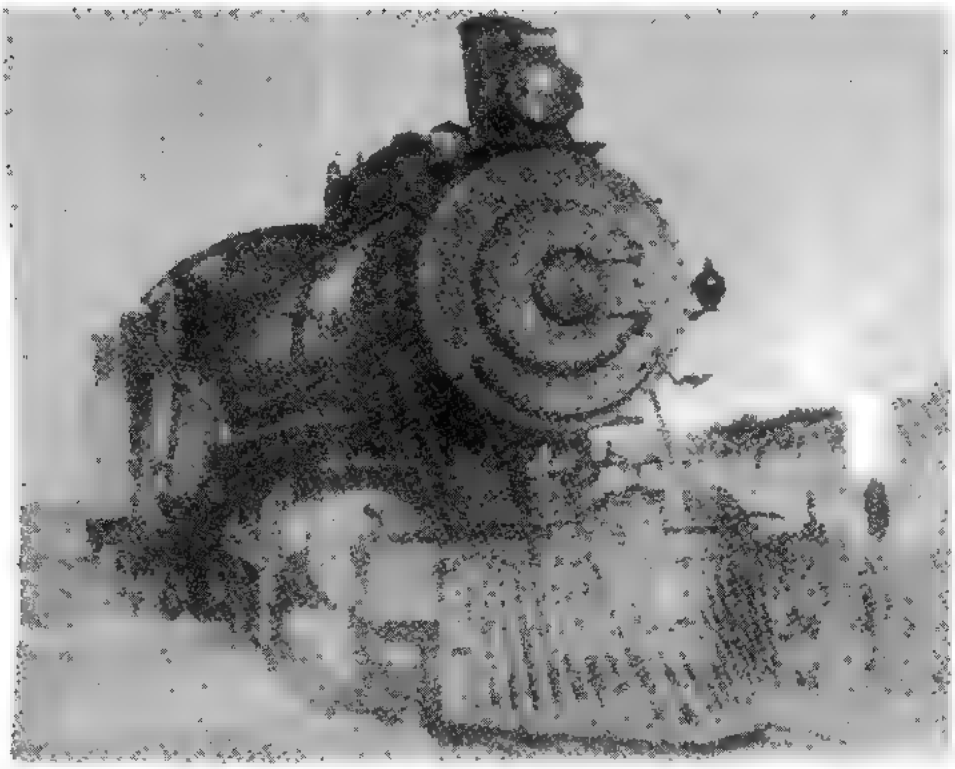

This "helper" engine was kept at the depot at Athol, Wyoming, to assist the heavy freight trains in making it up Athol Hill, from Carr, Colorado. The position Cecil Tenney's father held as station agent at Athol was the best job on the railroad line in 1906.

on the mail crane, ready for the mail clerk to snare it as the train went by. It had only a couple of letters in it but one of the men took it off the crane, ripped it open with a knife and brought them back into the depot. Still, they couldn't find the letter they accused the man of having. And I wasn't going to tell them where it was. That was my secret. Mine and Dad's. And I sensed it must be pretty important if they were going to all that trouble to find it.

They started roughing up Dad then, and that made me even more scared. They took him inside the depot and I was afraid, for a minute, they were going to kill him. But Dad insisted he didn't have any letter, and it was the truth because he had already given it to the engineer with the train orders.

Convinced, finally, that he really didn't have the letter, they let Dad go and proceeded to tear the office to pieces hunting for it.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, they let the train go on. They left then, taking the man with them and giving Dad a final warning that if he didn't keep his mouth shut they would be back to get him.

If the man was just a horse thief, I wondered, why were they so determined to get hold of the letter? Dad knew better though. He knew several of the men in the group were ranchers from near-by. They called for their mail at different times and he recognized them. They were among the homestead haters and Dad suspected they were involved with some of the murders and the disappearance of the first government investigator.

We never heard what happened to the man they took away, bound in ropes. But a short time later, Dad was fired from his job. Those sheep and cattlemen, whoever they were, must have had some real power to get Dad fired, as I am sure he had no intentions of quitting on his own. And to make matters even worse, a short time later, when he tried to get a job in another railroad, he was turned down.

Finally, he went to work for the Western Union telegraph. And a few months later, Western Union went on strike. My mother and I went to Morrison, Colorado, then, up in the mountains near Denver, where we stayed with other families, camping out while the strike was on.

I missed the depot at Athol and its pleasant smells and good groceries. But at least, up there in the mountains, I didn't have to worry about my dad being tied in ropes and carried off by angry cattlemen to be hung from the nearest tree.

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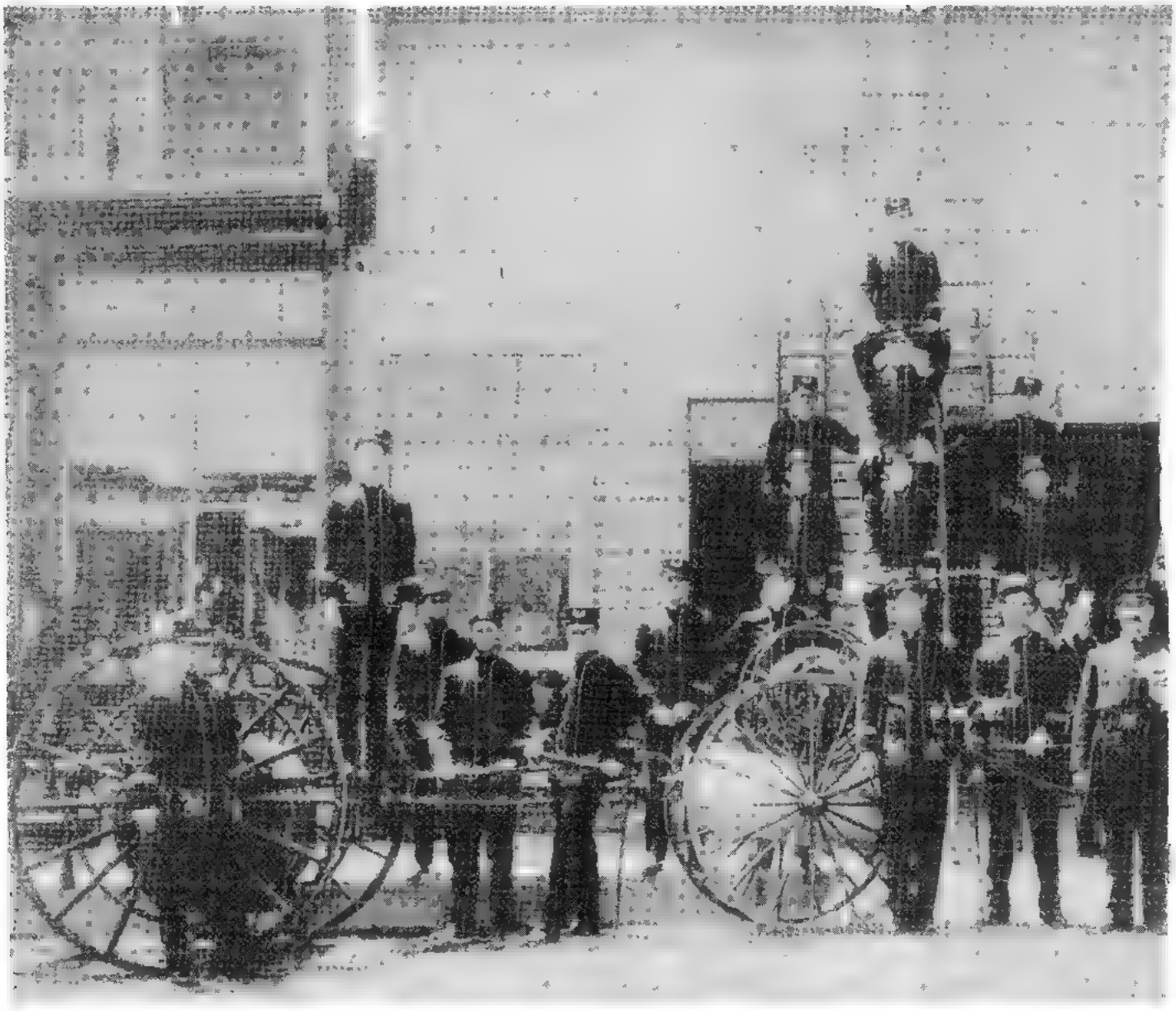
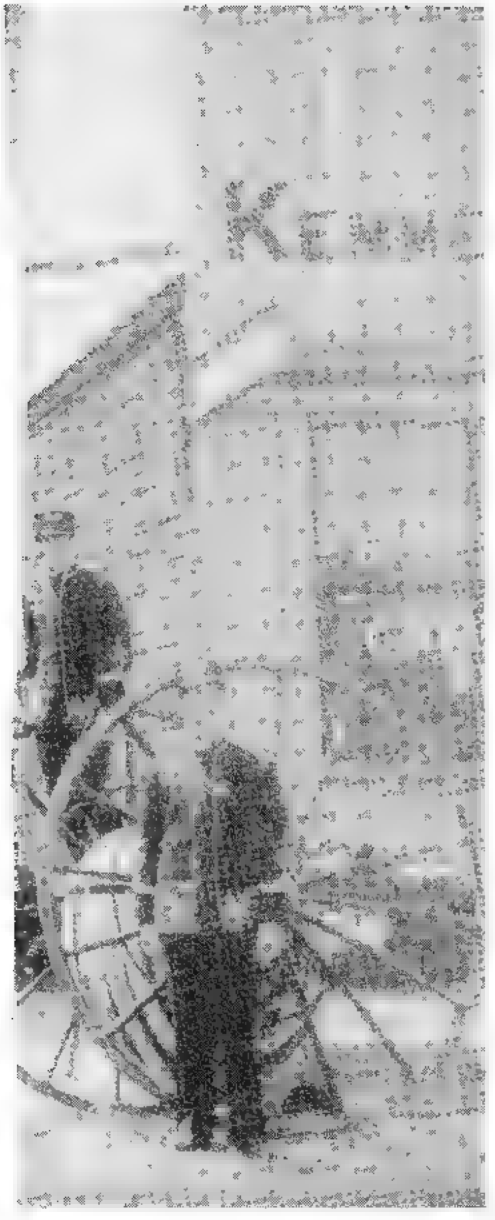


Fire Fighter's Fashion Show

By LOUIS BAZZANELLA

When its volunteer fire department was photographed in 1910, Kemmerer, Wyoming, had a population of only 350–400. The town was small enough that the two-wheeled hose carts could reach fires quickly—even though they were drawn through the streets by hand.

Worn only on special occasions, the fire fighters' beautiful uniforms were said to have been paid for by Isabell Burns, a kind-hearted Kemmerer philanthropist. Burns, who gave money and food to those that were down



on their luck, also happened to run the Green House, a local brothel.

The men in the photograph are (left to right): Joe Piz, John Angles, Sam Palin, Arthur Fagnant, William Davis, Ernest Marinelli, Mr. Larsen, Buddy Payne, Alex Scott, Dick Fagnant, Cabby Woods, Henry Roddy, Sam Potter, Joe Evans, "Dad" Joyce, unidentified, John Coletti, Fire Chief Gus Helbig, unidentified mascot, Albert Heitz, and Ben McPhie.

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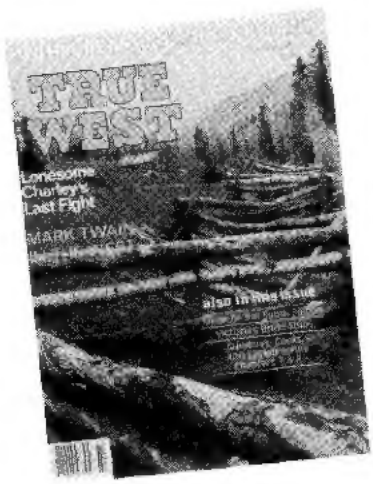

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